DO NOT
FEED YOURSELF
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MIND THE
TURF!
—RGK

Comic Fandom Monthly

50¢

THE MAGAZINE OF COMIC BOOKS AND RELATED FIELDS DEC. NO. 4

NOT SURE ABOUT:

What to by?
What to read?
New comics?
Changes in the comics?

READ:

ETCETERA

*ETCETERA #8; 30¢ + postage (3/$1); 12 pages total, 8-1/2 x 8; mailed folded and stapled - first class; Paul Levitz, editor; order from him at: 393 E. 58 St. / Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203; newszine; monthly.

Conquering printing difficulties which resulted in an entire issue (#7) being destroyed by the printer and the departure of his co-editor two issues ago, Paul seems to feel that he's regained control of ETCETERA with #8. It shows.

Five pages are devoted to in-depth DC news. This section is broken down into three pages of news items and two pages of coming comics listings. It's a good format and the news is new. Marvel and Skywald manage to fill another page but the happenings aren't nearly as interesting or as complete, but Skywald is just about dead and Marvel never did give out much info.

An editorial follows explaining the disaster that befell #7 and breaking the news that starting with issue #9 (or #10) THE COMIC READER joins with ETC. to provide even more all-around coverage. A short review of the DC Special series, Tom Greeniones' "Radar In The Void" delving into the effect of Neal Adams' art on comic sales, a Metro Con '71 report, some fanzine reviews, scattered trivia, and late news "flashes" make this a jam-packed issue. It is a newszine and more. Well worth reading.
Rating: 8 / Vadeboncoeur

ETCETERA & THE COMIC READER includes:

News - DC, Marvel, Skywald
Coming Comics - a comprehensive listing on the order of DC's old Direct Currents
Reviews - current comics as viewed by Paul Hugli and others
Convention Reports - NY, Dcon, Witchcraft & Sorcery con, Creation, and more
Features - Radar In The Void (Tom Greeniones) Wandering Fan (Tony Isabella), Jach Spake (Jeff Wasserman), Duffy's Tavern (Vohland)
Interviews - occaisionally
DC Cover repros - a couple of upcoming DCs every issue.
Schedule - Now published on the 14th of every month. Number 10 now available.

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STAFF

EDITOR AND PUBLSHER.....Joe Brancatelli

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....Jake Jenkins

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS.....
Tony Isabella...Wally Stoelting.Gary Brown
Joe Thomasino...Mark Evanier....Adam Malin
Cliff Letovsky..BoB Pinaha.....Stan Clish
Norman Masters..Gary Berman.....Mike Raub
Jeffrey Wasserman...Art Miller

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VIEW FROM CANADA

BY CLIFF LETOVSKY

Let's start off this month with a little bit of info on some of the masses of new material which has hit the stands lately:

Fiction is the French language edition of *Fantasy and Science Fiction* and is published monthly. It occasionally features drawings by Phillippe Druillet (about every five issues). Othertimes it has work by other European artists. Most of the features appeared in the English edition with a smattering of original material. I've only seen two issues as distribution is generally poor. It's adequate around the Metro stations (our version of the subways), though. *Galaxie* is the companion magazine, and I think that it is pretty obvious which s-f title it is the French version of.

Magazine Quebecois de Bandes Dessinees is now out. (Order it from BD/30 Boul. Desjardins Est/-Suite No. 1/Ste. Therese, Quebec). Six dollars for thirteen issues on a monthly basis. The art standard is fair (1 of the ads on the inside cover contained the best drawing in the issue--and it's really nice.) Be warned--it is in French *(like most French fanzines)*. It has a color cover, wraparound with four interior color pages. All the material is original, some well above average, some well below. Over all, it is fairly impressive--mostly because it comes from Quebec. I do not know much about it's future, but it is a novelty, and may sell. It isn't aimed at the bubble gum crowd and it shows.

The French newspaper *Le Devoir* in its 25 September edition had an article on BD (the magazine's nickname), and it was apparently written by BD's editor. It states the need of Quebecois (a Quebec resident) for such a magazine--and the reasons are incredible . Catagorically listed they go something like this:

1) to create a movement in Quebec in the right language (French) of comic art (*bande dessinee*).

2) to give a cultural dimension and to popularize comic art in Quebec.

3) to offer in this outlet a certain number of jobs and create a spirit of work and technical co-ordination in the artists interested in comic art.

4) to create a group of practical studies capable after a while to produce comic strips of quality, and prepare and furnish artistic potential ready to face the demand on all fronts.

5) to respond to an urgent need of young Quebecois of 15 to 30 years old, and to satisfy, for the moment, the strange productions, which of the same quality, do not resemble BD. This of course, is roughly translated from the French.

BD itself is fine--I was wondering if Quebec would ever enter the professional world of publishing. It has.

Puddle-Duddle 2 hit the stands a few days ago. Much like the first issue, that being great satire, much akin to *Mad*. Some of the book is exceptional.

Main-Mise is a French underground readily available on most downtown Montreal newsstands. With six issues under their belt, they feature reprints (in French) of underground strips by Corben, Crumb and others. It also contains photos, artwork and poems by the Quebec people who put it out. It contains at least 150 pages and seels for two dollars. If you're fluent in French, this book may come on too strong. It is very underground. I have only glanced at the six issues (which are still on sale at the downtown stands), but the ideas are well represented.

Madre in Quebec is something I have not seen at all. I understand that a few of the artists who work on BD work on this. Two issues have come out. It's also more or less underground, but in an all-comics vein as opposed to *Main-Mise*. This is about all I can say on a publication I haven't seen yet.

Hierographics is another publication. It is a combination underground comic/fanzine. Captain George carries it at the store, with the publication's distribution centering around Toronto.

CONT.

Canadian comics aren't dying--they're booming! . . .

Bonjour Chez Vous is a local book put out in French for Quebec. The art is heavily detailed, and full of well-hidden meanings. It is based on the defunct *Prisoner* TV series. While not exceptionally good, it's a spark of life for Quebec's non-existant comic industry. They could also be "Quebec's answer to *Pilote*" (self-proclaimed. It does resemble *Pilote* in it's use of color, but not size.) I haven't seen them on the newsstands, and saw them at a "meeting" at my place, thanks to Bruce Robbins.

Some Short Notes

Captain George Henderson has set up a comic art display a couple of blocks down the street from his store. He is also starting a Whizzbang club. It maybe some sort of revival of the Canadian Academy. My information is not clear on this....his publication, *Capt. George's Penny Dreadful* is available in Montreal at International News and maybe a few other outlets.At 1¢ per copy for four pages (the issue announcing the comic display ran eight pages) it has to be a best buy and it is published weekly. Most of it is based on films, but it usually carries some comic mention. It's really strange getting the newsdealer to ask you for 1¢.....I have some corrections to make concerning the second column: *Charlie* had reviews of fanzines only in that one issue. (I understand that the previous issue went in-depth into American fanzines. Fanzine ads often....I do want to note that it's Phillip Druillet, not Phil....*Pilote* featured those Pompidou cartoons in one issue. I seriously doubt that the French Government would allow it every week....Also, the reprints in *Charlie* (back issues are hard to find in Europe) were of *Canadian Whites*. I understand there will be a $15 book on the self-same subject.

Some Opinions...

It looks to be that the Canadian comics industry is not dying--it's booming. We now are represented by *BD*, *Madre In Quebec*, *Fuddle Duddle* (a potential *Mad Magazine*), *Hierographice*, *MainMise*, and material yet to appear. Then there is also *Bonjour Chez Vous* (how many non-comic magazines do you know in TV show format?) Yes, Canada is twice as alive as it was when the *Canadian Whites* came along. The *Canadian Whites* were not associated with comic fandom, but these magazines are sure to have Canadian fandom backing them. If these die, however, so do the last attempts for a real Canadian Comic Art industry. If they prosper, so will European and American fans. Canada is helping by providing another comics industry. The larger a publishing company is, the more it can experiment. Tired of the same old stuff from the people you buy regularly from? Buy something Canadian for a change.

I still haven't gotten any replies to my pleas for correspondence in previous issues. Do you want Canada to be really represented? Then write to:

Cliff Letovsky
17 Holly Road
Hampstead 254,
Quebec,
Montreal Canada

ART: R. GODBOUT

ART © 1971 BD

BY J.R ROSE

Tarzan Swings to New Hut

Yes, an era is ending! A sometimes fond and sometimes painful era--the time of Tarzan with Western Publishing Company has reached an end.

After 205 regularly numbered issues, four odd numbers, ten annuals, and 20 *March of Comics* giveaways, it is with a feeling of loss that I see my old favorite switch from Western to National. But right there beside that first feeling is another, one of anticipation. I'm anxiously awaiting all the great things that will undoubtedly be coming from the *Tarzan* and *Korak* series.

However, before I get carried away about the unknown future, let us look back at the last three decades of *Tarzan Comics*.

Dell's first Tarzan comic magazine was *Tarzan of the Apes #5* in 1938 which reprinted the illustrations of the great Hal FOster from the daily newspaper strips. I've never seen an issue of #5, but I understand some artwork was added by Henry Vallely, famous for his Big Little Book illustrations, to fill out the pages.

Then came the *Single Series #20*, a Tarzan issue in 1940 which reprinted Hal Foster's Sunday pages of Tarzan. The book had 64 pages with no adaptation. It started in the middle of the action and ended the same way. Each comic page was a full sunday page reduced to fit. The *Single Series* was a United Feature publication, the same company that handles the daily and sunday strips.

Then we jump to 1947 with two *Tarzan* numbers from Dell (numbers 134 and 161) before the regular series began with number one in 1948. Two early issues each had 52 pages counting the covers as comic companies do, while number one started with 36 pages. Number 134 contained a 50 page story "Tarzan, and The Devil Ogre", which started on the inside front cover and ended on the inside back cover. Number 161 contained two stories totaling 48 pages of Tarzan Adventures.

These first issues were true Burroughs' type Tarzan issues. But when #3 came out, we suddenly found ourselves with a brunette Jane, a son called "Boy" (from that popular movie misconception), and an unrealistic: tree house. From that point on we had a magazine trying to pattern after both the movie Tarzan and the ERB Tarzan, but fitting neither.

The covers of all the issues were in inks, but with #8 the work became beautiful. This lasted until #13 when photograph collages of Lex Barker with dubbed backround took over. At the same time the Dell magazines went to "52 pages--all comics". Then with *Tarzan #23*, the whole magazine went on a monthly basis, starting with August 1951.

Then in 1952 Western (Dell) Publishing, brought out the first Tarzan issue in their *March of Comics* line (#82). These issues, distributed free, and usually at shoe store out lets were approximately 5X7 in size.

Also in 1952 we were treated to the first *Tarzan Annual*. There were no reprints in the Dell annuals. They were giant comic books containing 100 pages of new material.

Jesse Marsh did the bulk of artwork in all the early *Tarzan* issues including the fillers in the back, "Two against the Jungle" and "Brothers of the Spear".

About issue #34 Dell began using advertisements on their back covers and had to drop the "all comics" slogan on the cover. From then on it was just "A 52-page Magazine". With issue #55, Barker no longer portrayed Tarzan on the covers and we were treted to the most beautiful cover paintings in the series. These lasted through *Tarzan #79* and, while probably not classical in the Tarzan sense, were extremely well-done. At the same time, however, the interior art of the magazine was rapidly sliding down hill.

Dell dropped their page count from 52 pages to 36 pages with *Tarzan #60*. Then with #80 Gordon Scott depicted Tarzan through a series of 30 covers. Scott portray Tarzan up until #110. But two issues earlier, with the *Tarzan* numbered #108, the book dropped to bi-monthly scheduling. Again with #111 there were paintings on the covers and then with #122 there was no price on the cover of the magazine. But #123 listed the magazine as selling for fifteen cents. This price lasted until *Tarzan #131*, when the magazine dropped back to twelve cents. This was also the last issue under the Dell title. Western now began their GOLD KEY line of comics and *Tarzan* made the switch with the rest of the line in 1962. It happened with the September-October issue.

The covers of the magazine during this period were mediocre. Many of the paintings seem to bear close resemblance to previous covers. The interior art was rock-bottom, most of the time with the saving feature being Russ Manning's work on "Brothers of the Spear". Gold Key changed the title from *Tarzan* to *Tarzan of the Apes*, with issue number 138.

About this time the *Burroughs Revival* was

"...we suddenly found a brunette Jane and an unreal tree house..."

taking place on the book market. Some of the Burroughs titles had fallen into public domain through a lapse in copyrights and, sure enough, some one came up with the idea of testing Edgar Rice Burroughs, Incorporated's legal right to the character Tarzan. Several of the Tarzan novels HAD fallen into the public domain catagory. The Charlton Comics people issued four *Jungle Tales of Tarzan* magazines, before they were legally stopped. The first issue appeared in December 1964, and the last was dated July 1965. The art was better than the current *Tarzan of the Apes* from Gold Key, but, characteristically Charlton's printing was horrible. Their covers were ink drawings and the interior was based on the public domain Burroughs novel, *Jungle Tales of Tarzan*. The third issue advertised *The Red Death* and *The Ivory Pirates* as the Tarzan stories for #4, but it contained more adaptations from *Jungle Tales of Tarzan*.

The Charlton infringement seemed to instill some life into Western. With their November 1965 issue, #154, they brought Russ Manning up to illustrate Tarzan. The result was some of the best comic illustrations ever for Tarzan. And that was saying something, considering Tarzan has been drawn by the likes of Hal Foster and Burne Hogarth. Manning began illustrating the stories out of Burroughs novels with *Tarzan of the Apes #155*. At first it was one novel per comic, and it muchly cramped the story line. Manning's art was great nevertheless. Also in 1965, Western brought out their first book of reprints. It was soft cover (meaning--the cover was the same paper as was used for the interior) comic magazine titled *Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle*. It reprinted five of the early Tarzan adventures from Jesse Marsh issues. They were good selections of very good Marsh. The magazine contained 96 pages, had no fillers of any kind, and was listed as #1. Regrettably, no furthur issues appeared.

Western now made the move to get the *Tarzan* comic magazine straightened out. Jane became the blond depicted by Burroughs, and Boy, the movie creation, disappeared after a quick attempt to pass him off as Korak grown up. Tarzan was no longer pictured as living in a straw tree hut. Tarzan began to *be* Tarzan, the real thing! A year earlier, in January 1964, Western introduced *Korak, Son of Tarzan* magazine with Russ Manning doing the art. The book was great, and may have had some influence in Western's decision to put Manning on Tarzan. With *Tarzan #159*, Russ Manning began his classic "Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar" which ran for 72 pages through #161, making it the longest Tarzan comic story yet. Also with #161, each Tarzan issue was labeled as a "Gold Key Collector's Edition" if it was adapted from a Burroughs novel.

When the *Tarzan TV* program came to television, Western took advantage of it to run four *Tarzan of the Apes* magazines subtitled "TV ADVENTURES." But none of the stories were taken from the NBC TV series. They just used some of the characters and settings from the programs. Ron Ely was on the covers of the TV issues as Tarzan. These were numbers 162, 165, 168, and 171. The art for the first two issues was good but not outstanding. The third and fourth issues had very fine art by A. Giolitti as did the two *Jungle Tales of Tarzan* issues, numbers 169 and 170. As a side note here, Nkima, Tarzan's monkey pal from the books, and Cheetah, the comic relief in the *Tarzan* movies and TV programs, both appeared in the same story in issue # 165, drawn by Dan Spiegle. This was the only dual appearence in the book.

Manning did the first eleven issues of the *Korak* magazine and then the work was taken over by Warren Tufts for several issues. Finally, Dan Spiegle took over permanently , with #24. Other artists did fill-in between Tufts and Spiegle. Even Manning got in another shot with issue #21. In 1967 Western introduced *Tarzan of the Apes #1* in their *Tops Comics* line which reprinted Giolitti's art from the regular *Tarzan of the Apes #65*. Manning's art stopped with four pages to go in *Tarzan of the Apes #177*. He took over the art of the daily and sunday *Tarzan* strips for United Features when the former artist quit. We then got our first reprint issue in the regular *Tarzan* series with #178. It began Manning's *Tarzan of the Apes* adaptions. They were taken from issue #155.

With #179 began another classic in the *Tarzan* magazine with Doug Wildey doing *Tarzan at the Earth's Core* in three issues for 63 pages. Wildey continued to illustrate up until #187. Then the Paul Norris/Mike Royer team took over (Royer had been inking Manning's pencils) and the *Tarzan* book returned to mediocre art. With #196, Western did the last book adaptation, *Tarzan and the Tarzan Twins*. However the "Gold Key Collector's Edition" emblem continued for three more issues after. Royer left before Western's last

CONT PG 9

SF AND FANTASY

BY JOE THOMASINO

Those magnificent humanoids in their flying machines is the theme of the novel, *The Flying Sorcerers*, by David Gerrold and Larry Niven. At first glance this book would seem to be a bit of fantasy fol-der-rol, but it turns out to be a delightfully comical piece of hard sci-fic. Although at times the authors seem to be coming down with a case of the cutes, they manage to pull off an extremely entertaining and well-written excursion into future realms of inter-galactic exploration, cultural shock and technological revolution in a primative society.

As one begins to read this work one is afraid that it will be a typical gimmick story, the gimmick being the wonderous earth man and his super gadgets used to help the benighted bare-ass savages out of their back ward ways. One is very pleasently surprised, to find the natives, in a back-handed but efficient way,wiping out most of the terrestrial marvels and nearly killing the explorer who is regarded as a magician by these people.

The story is set on a primitive planet settled by a hairy humanoid people. This folk never see the stars except for their own two suns and the many, many moonlets, and asteroids that surround the planet in a dust cloud that encompasses that solar system. They have a complex religion and myth, and believe strongly in magic, which is actually in many ways, primitive science here. The shamans are more alchemists than witch-doctors and have an important place in this culture. To add spice to their lives the world is hit by long periods of flood followed by drought so that the landscape intermittently is an ocean with small islands, then a desert. To this semi-nomadic village culture comes the tellurian-explorer-anthropologist whose name his interpreting device informs the natives is *as a shade, a shade of purple-gray*. This works out to be a real (and well-known to sci-fic fans) human surname but you can figure that out yourselves. This device of using the interpreters approximate translations and later the anthropologists fumbling attempts to translate new ideas and concepts in to native tounge,is brilliant and makes for puns and amusing reading throughout the book. Tricks of this sort, if used too often, or improperly, can set one's teeth on edge and impair enjoyment and appreciation of the story. The authors seem to be treading on thin ice by their too frequent use of this technique but they manage to carry it off nicely and not mar the novel at all.

Our explorer, called Purple here, manages to insult a local magician and have his exploring vehicle (not his main ship) destroyed in a delightfully ingenious way as a result. However this duel winds up wrecking the home town boy's village completely setting the people on a long hard trek south. This migration turns out to be a race to avoid the flood waters, but eventually the villagers make it to a lush community and through trickery settle down to wait out the flood. When they arrive who do they meet but surprise of surprises, Purple. One thing leads to another and eventually Purple hits on a way to build an airship. Why an airship you ask? It seems that Purple is stranded unless he can call down his mothership but he is too far south to do so and this is an only way he can think of to get north. Since the local folk think he is a rather poor magician anyway, they decide to help and thus be rid of him. This decision turns out much to their benefit. Well how do you build a blimp or rather balloon from scratch? That is what Purple is faced with at this point and Messrs Gerrold and Niven show some real talent and imagination in describing its construction and the change that takes place in the people as they are geared up to perform this task. In the course of construction, Purple introduces assembly lines , money, woven rubberized cloth gambling, electricity, woman's lib and many other innovations to this people. His two helpers, Willville and Orbur,bicycle makers,and this world's first flying machine smake of a cutey-pie touch, especially when the ship is named *Cat-Hawk*. This is easily overlooked, however in the enjoying of this very humorous, absolutely ingenious novel.

Written in a crisp first-person style, the narrator being Lant, a bone monger, and later premier statesman and financier as a result of the construction of the airships. The novel well-illustrates how a naive people can, through the addition of new ideas and concepts gradually change into a new more interesting and greater race.The change shown as the theme of the book is symbolic of the melding of the authors' styles used to produce this fine work. I am not too familiar with Mr. Gerrold's work, but I know Larry Niven's well, and enjoy it immensely anytime. Athough this book cannot hope to be a story like *Neutron Star*, a beautiful work

CONT

TARZAN AND DELL

CONT

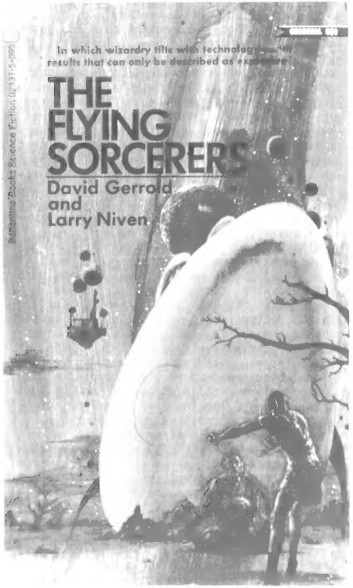
Tarzan, but Norris rounded out the series with #205, The final issue. At the end, Gold Key editions were appearing on a regular eight times yearly sked, while *Korak* was bi-monthly.

In 1969 Western brought out their *Golden Comics Digest* series, reprinting many earlier strips. The fourth digest was a reprint of Tarzan with an August 1969 date. Along with Tarzan reprints it contained Korak and Brothers of the Spear, two Tarzan pieces from *Jungle Tales of Tarzan*, and a *March of Comics* Tarzan story. *Golden Comics Digest #9* was also a Tarzan issue reprinting the entire "Jewels of Opar". Cover date was March 1970.

The last Tarzan *March of Comic* issue to appear was #354 early in 1970. All *March of Comics* contained new material with only one story being reprinted in any form. It was "Tarzan's Commandos" in Digest #4. The last Tarzan reprint issue was #202 in 1971 which featured Manning's first story in #154 entitled "Descent into the Past."

After thse many years with Tarzan, from Dell/Gold Key, it is not without sadness to see the change. Yes, I believe we will be able to look forward to some great Tarzan adventures coming from National. After all, I understand they are going to start out by using Hal Foster's early *Tarzan* as a model for the new Tarzan

Sound familiar?


In which wizardry tilts with technology and the results that can only be described as explosive!
THE FLYING SORCERERS
David Gerrold and Larry Niven
Ballantine/Books/Science Fiction/02331-5-095

SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY, con't.

with crisp characters, well developed plot and backgrounds and a real colossal ending, the elements of real understanding and inventiveness in expressing a new culture's look at technological advantages make up for what was lost in casting this alloy of author and author.

The one drawback to this novel is a few juvenile touches like Willville Orbur and the Cat-Hawk. Despite these, however, the book comes off extremely well and I strongly reccomend it. This book should be read not only by hard sci-fi fiends, but by fantasy fanatics as well who need a break from their steady diet of swords, sorcery, and inanity that is their usual fare. These admirers of the fantasy ought to try this new dish to avoid mental constipation and general narrow mindedness.

ABOUT THE BOOK

The Flying Sorcerers is Copyright ©, by David Gerrold and Larry Niven,1971. Published first by *If Magazine* under the title *The Misspelled Magishun* in 1970. Published by Ballantine Books Incorporated, 101 Fifth Avenue New York, New York 10003. Ninety-five cents, book 02331-5. 316 pages. Cover by Vincent Di Fate.

Next issue writer Thomasino reviews Phillip Jose Farmer's latest release, THE WIND WHALES OF ISHMAEL. Billed as "science fiction's incredible sequel to Moby Dick," Thomasino finds it lacking the punch.

TERATOLOGY

BY MARK EVANIER

I can recall it as clearly as if it happened yesterday. And if you're expecting me to announce that it *was* yesterday you are one step ahead of me already, which is bad this early in the article. Actually, for the record, it was a couple of weeks ago...

We had stopped in at the local ice cream parlor, after the movie, for a confectionary repast. And, as usual, I had ordered a *vanilla* milk shake in flagrant disregard of the plethora of flavors that Wil Wrights' offers its patrons. The young lady had a peppermint ice cream soda and we were sitting there at one of their cuff-link-sized tables, fingering our macaroons (it was that kind of evening) and making idle conversation. Somehow, the topic had worked its way around to comic books--not the most infatuating topic. ("How would you like to come up to my apartment and see my Steve Ditko original art?") And I was explaining a little about the Don Rickles issues of *Jimmy Olsen* and how they came to be...And, in the midst of this scintillating conversation, who should pounce upon us but a total stranger--?

"Hey--" he said, apparently having overheard some snatch of conversation, "do you follow comic books?" I confessed I did. This is the enlightened age,after all, and you should not be embarassed to admit that you buy pornography, inject illicit drugs or buy comic books. And I modestly let is slip that I own a quite extensive collection and this Total Stranger pulled up a chair to our miniscule table as if he'd never leave. As it happened, we wanted to leave--our macaroons had been fingered into crumbs and the night was made for other things. But I'd become entrapped in a conversation with a fellow of around twenty-five years with a lot of hair and, I recall, alot of beads. There is an object lesson in there somewhere.

"I used to read comics," he said. "Used to have them all but I haven't seen any in a long time. Do they still cost a dime?"--Boy, was *he living in the past!* I answered all of his nitwit questions while my date looked like she wished she'd accepted that invite from Jeff Sobel to go to the Roller Derby. I tried to beg off--honestly, I did--but every micetie this side of physical violence failed to extricate us. I answered question after question.

Yes, Spider Man's still around. No, his Aunt hasn't kicked off yet. No, they don't publish METAL MEN any longer. Jack Kirby is now working for DC. Yes, Robin's in college, finally. They don't have kryptonite in that book anymore. I know a quarter is a little steep, but you get sixteen extra pages.

By the time I had begged off, I'd done a complete up-dating of the Comics Industry that could have comprised an NBC White Paper if Sander Vanocur had been present. That was the end of that big evening and the next time I take a girl out for ice cream, we're flagging a Good Humor Truck.

But it does bring us to our topic--and if you're one step ahead of me, why did you bother reading the above at all? *This* is where the action starts...People who are away from reading comics for any length of time find a whole different world when they return. Because I've lived through the past few years of comic development (You call this living?) I can't appreciate the changes. But they're there--and our friend above made me cognizant of that fact. The strips are the same--It's been a while since any of the new writers have come up with any "new strips." But they have come up with different interpretations and approaches to strips that were conceived by other men with other ideas and other intentions. It seems hard to accept that all the Ditko *Spider-Mans* have had their second time around. But they have and much of the present Marvel readership probably doesn't even know of them.

The Ditko Spider-Man is a thing of the past, not unlike Ross Bagdasarian. That, of course, does not mean that either are gone forever. The current *nostalgia* craze being what it is, Ross Bagdasarian's recording "Witch Doctor" could once again climb to the top of the charts. And Ditko's fine Spider-Man series might well be reprinted again. It could happen because, as a people, we have always been preoccupied with the past.

There is a certain school of thought that disapproves of looking back with fond remembrance at the creative works of the past. Thoreau advocated it at great length but did little, if any, practicing of it. Washington Irving wrote that we should burn the works of most of the old writers so as not to inflict their study upon the new generation... and so as not to force them into worrying over plagarism being charged when they conceive a natural but good idea. Like many of Irving's writings, it is not entirely sure that he wasn't perpetrating a put-on--but if he was, it was certainly to satirize a legitimate train of thought permeating his day. Even now, our universities become cluttered

with work after work; thousands of pages of scholarly thesis work. So, no longer, can a person major in English Literature. He must specialize, in Graduate work, in say, just the works of Mark Twain. Pretty soon, there will be just too many reference works to be read on the subject alone of *Mark Twain* and Graduate students will have to specialize in *Huckleberry Finn*. Obviously, a pattern is beginning to emerge.

Accumulating old comic books is somewhat akin to a Mathematical progression and/or a one-way street. Unless you re-evaluate your criteria, you just get more and more. That's what I was compelled to do when I ran out of shelf space. I tossed my old Charltons such as *Mysteries of Unexplored Worlds* into a cardboard box and stashed it behind a door. Still, if one continues to eliminate that of least quality, he ends up with a distorted picture of the times.

Nostalgia invariably gives us a false image and that applies as much to comics as to old movies or music. We recall the Golden Age of Comedy with Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, Harry Langdon, Laurel and Hardy and the rest. Human nature obliterates memory of the hundreds of *bad* comedians of this era. Some feel the forties were the Comic Book's "Golden Age" and, it's very true, there were many fine strips then. But there was also a lot of junk that is so totally scarce today that it doesn't even show up in a Howard Rogofsky price list. There's a certain aspect here about us where the bad gets fogotten and our pictures of the past becomes one of only the good.

Not long ago, I took a stroll over to my old junior high school--this, in spite of my firm resolution, upon graduation, never to darken its halls again. And while I usually hate to remenisce (I inherited 2400 feet of 8mm movie film from my uncle of a younger *me* waving at his stupid camera...and promptly consigned it to the back of my closet, where it will remain until I can get Russ Meyer to release it!) going back to Emerson Jr. High *was* a pleasing sensation. I hated my days in that school, but I was no longer able to deliver any animosity about its unpleasantries at all. Just the (few) happy moments remained. I assume my passion in making that journey was some what akin to the motivations of our friend back at Wil Wright's. And the same as the reason for the outpouring of so many college students to Buffalo Bob Smith's *Howdy Doody* revival concerts. Nostalgia.

Comic fans are a breed apart. (From other comic consumers; also from the human race; also from mental competants) And comic fans are nostalgic, too. When the invariable topic arises in conversation: *What's your all-time favorite single issue of a comic?...* I have heard some particularly ghastly choices given...usually because that was the first comic the person ever read.

And, unlike other comic consumers, collectors inhabit a world where "comic books" refers as much to past ones as to current. So we end up with an endless series of comparisons in which present work is judged by standards that are no longer applicable. The current Superman is compared to the one of the forties; an artist is judged not on his own ability but, instead, on how his work is in comparison to the guy who *used to* draw the strip. This is unfair if for no other reason than that the comic market is competitive enough without having to worry about competing with the past. My point is--It's fine to *learn* from the past, but very wrong to *live* in it.

I think that's what Irving was getting at in his instance. And, applying it to comics, I maintain that the past should not be preserved, intact. What is presently applicable should be applied; what is not should become antiquated and consigned to the fate of the do-do bird. Enshrining the past can be done if it has present significance. If not, you are contributing to the clutter.

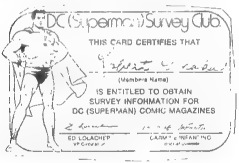
One of Man's virtues is that he learns from his experiences. *I've* learned not to go to Wil Wright's. I've also picked up a few skills from my reading. (*A few?* Hell--every-ability you or I possess is derived from our experiences!) (Stop writing parenthetical asides to yourself, Evanier--That's a trick you picked up from Stephen Leacock and you ain't no Stephen Leacock!) But when a person becomes obsessed with the *wonder* of the past ...when it happens, the past loses its inherent value; it becomes an opiate. I know a kid, for example, who is beset on old superhero movie serials. They occupy every free moment he has and his goal is life has become to produce a movie *exactly* like the Republic serials. Not *better than*; not an *updated version of; EXACTLY* like a Republic serial. One part will even be named "Human Targets" because *every* Republic serial had a chapter named "Human Targets." ...And I have few doubts that he'll do it. If he'd been in awe of Socrates, he might drink hemlock.

The Survey Club Cometh!

BY BOB PINAHA

The DC Superman Survey Club. Joe, last issue, described it as being *fandom's most mysterious organization.* Amazingly enough, a good many of the fans that I know are in the dark about it. Hopefully, this article will shed a little light on some of it's mystery.

The DC Survey Club first began as an advertisement in one of Phil Seuling's price lists. It seems the National DC people were looking for fans, on a nationwide basis, to organize together and become a sort of *scout* on how DC's magazines were being distributed and how they were being set up on the newsstand. To attract the fans, the people at DC offered to them a one year subscription to four of their comic magazines, a membership card, and a 1971 sports album. To my knowledge, many fans, including myself, applied, and, unfortunately, many were turned down.



Survey Club membership card for members.

I was one of the lucky ones though, after writing to them why I wanted to help them and listing seven or eight places wherein I could check for their magazine distribution.

Shortly after my applying for being a DC representative I received the kit which contained the aforementioned sports album plus, two felt Superman "S" patches, a membership card, and a booklet which contained the results of the survey which they ran for the fans in last year's issues. Also included, and most important of all the other items are the questionaire cards which are to be filled out and sent to DC after making your survey. (The back of the survey cards are reproduced on next page, but more about them later on.)

After this, I began to receive regularly through the mail, DC CURRENTS, which is in the form of a newsletter and which is distributed to the many distributors, merchants and, generally, to every one behind the scenes at DC to keep them informed about up and coming things from DC. Also, every once in a while, I receive complimentary copies of DC magazines. For example, I received the first copy of *Planet Magazine* featuring the *Grand Funk Railroad.* (This is a new magazine of DC's which features an issue full of photos, and text on big rock groups.) Also received were two complimentary covers from Kirby's *Spirit World*, plus two posters and ads from and for it, well in advance of the actual book hitting the newsstand.

Some Fans Quitting Club

However, lately I have been saddened to hear of the many fans who are sending back their kits and quitting the club because of the allegded lies they believe DC has asked them to tell the merchants. Let me be the first to say that this is not true. DC has *not* asked us to tell any lies whatsoever.

con't next page

DC DEALER PROMOTIONAL POSTER. 2—COLORS
8" X 10" © 1971 N.P.P.

THE SURVEY CLUB IS WORKING. . .

It all began in one of their DC CURRENTS which was issued to the members, etc. and which said their dealer allowance cut of seven and a half cents is more than on the Marvel twenty centers which offer a fifty per cent discount to dealers because DC sells more copies than other companies. This is true. Looking at the statement in back of the book and seeing how many copies of a certain title is sold and comparing it with another company's leading title, one sees that DC does sell more, and therefore makes the dealer more profit. And besides, now DC has matched Marvel's fifty per cent discount so in reality, the dealers make even a better profit. (In researching this article, I asked several of the dealers which company sells more and makes them a bigger profit and they all agreed that it's DC. Why, even one of the biggest magazine stands around my area displays each and every DC title separately while with the Marvels, he justs lumps all the titles together in one big pile. Honest! Personal note to Roy Thomas--It might do you well for your company to check into this sort of thing.)

Secondly, in the same DC CURRENTS is stated that *History tells us that years back the 48-page comic outsold the 32-page comic by 50% per title.* This, I find, is the only discrepancy that I could find. Sure it's true, but both were the same price and this tends to put DC in a bind as not being perfectly honest, but they don't ask you to tell that lie! On the contrary, they make this claim by, as I said before, distributing these very same DC CURRENTS to the distributors and dealers themselves. If you would like to enlighten the dealer, as I have done myself, that's fine but it's certainly nothing to quit over especially when you get the chance to see previews of up and coming comics and hear news in the field.

One thing I neglected to mention a while back that among other things that I received from the club are 20 or so 8" X 10" sheets which I have to distribute to the dealers. These are highly decorative (it is reprinted with this article) and are suprisingly well accepted by dealers who sigh with relief as formerly they had no other way to let the public know that they sold comics.

Another charge brought up against the club is the name is too childish. Hey you gangs! Let's face it,fandom is a very small minority and according to the results of the poll Dc conducted last year, their greatest audience is the 11 to 13 year olds. That, coupled with the fact that many fans are under 14 (as witnessed at Phil Seuling's '71 Comic Art Convention) is the prime reason for the childish sounding name.

Can you improve distribution?

You are probably wondering, "Yeah, but does the club work? I mean, does it really improve distribution?" The answer to that is yes. Before the club came into being, I was beginning to worry about the distribution, especially in my own area. I mean the comics would come in late, very late, like about a month to even six months after the title hit the stands elsewhere. That and the fact that we were skipping numbers of certain titles and only getting in one or two copies of a new title got me worried. I mean, there was

DC SUPERMAN MAGAZINE SURVEY

City_____State_____Surveyor_____Date_____

Name and Address of Store_____

1. Does account display 25¢ 48 page books? Yes__No__ If yes, are titles in good supply? Yes___No____ If no, please explain_____

2. Does account handle 20¢ Charlton? Yes__No__ 15¢ Gold Key? Yes___No____

3. Does account have display fixtures? 50 Pkt Spinner_____20 Pkt rack_____

4. Is account interested in new or additional free material? Yes___No____
If yes our representative will follow-up.

5. Additional comments on DC Comics at this account:

FACIMILE

© 1971 N.P.P.

my collection going down the drain because of distribution! Imagine, we can send a man to the moon but we can't even get a magazine to the newsstand!

Then my kit arrived, I made my first survey and within four weeks I noticed a difference. We began to get the comics in on time for a change. Plus we aren't skipping-issues as frequently as we used to, and, we're getting in a lot more copies of a certain title than just one or two copies. It's not perfect mind you, but more surveys should help relieve some of that in the future.

What is that you say? You've got many of the same problems? Well then, take advantage of the reprinted survey card appearing elsewhere. Simply recopy the questions and answer them as short as possible and remember to get to the point. (DC offers free display equipment so be sure you ask your dealer if he'd like some of it before you answer this question.) Do this for as many dealers that are in your area and that are having distrib ution problems and send your missives to:

Mr. Ed Lolacher, Vice-President-Circulation
NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS
909 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Will it work for you? I can't guarentee it, but let me tell you this, the prime objective of the DC Survey Club is to improve distribution of DC comic magazines. Each one of the individual surveys will *most likely* be followed up and everything will be done to correct the problem since Dc does want to correct this negligence, both on the part of the distributor and the dealer and bring the fans what we want. You really do not have anything to lose, and all to gain. So what are you waiting for?

Comments are especially welcomed on this article, both from DC surveyors and non-DC surveyors. Also, while you're at it, why not drop a line as to what you'd like to read about in this space and I'll try to plan future articles on your suggestions. Send your comments to either Joe, or me at 24 Patton Drive, Sayreville, New Jersey, 08872.

THE DISPUTED EDITORIAL MESSAGE:

The below editorial appeared in DC CURRENTS and is Copyright © , 1971 National Periodical Publications. It has caused much consternation, with more than one member resigning over it.

It's been said that you can't see clearly if you insist on smoking up your glasses. In my judgment, a lot of eyes are clouded with the myth that it is the discount rather than the dollars that can be banked.

DC's decision to increase cover prices to 25¢ and maintain a 40% discount was based not only on economics, but on product, history and dollars, and a firm conviction that our public--starting at age nine--cannot be fooled.

The quality of a 25-cent, 48-page DC COMIC over 20¢ competitors is as apparent as the fact that DC has always been the leader in comic sales and that Superman and Batman are assuredly the "superest" of super-heroes in the world today.

History tells us that years back the 48-page comic outsold the 32-page comic by 50% per title. How much difference do you suppose 5¢ will make today, particularly if we evaluate the indisputable fact that DC readers are getting more value for their money.

We also have to believe that the retailer who can make 7 1/2¢ on DC COMICS--more than on any 50% discounted 20¢ comic--will clearly see the facts. DC's quality package offers the greatest sales potential--and always has since Superman started to wear hot pants 30 years ago.

Mr. Retailer knows what is generating his dollars and is smart enough to display comics for profits. If he doesn't, rest assured we will get the message to him and to his public, via every creative promotion and sales program we can generate.

We are firmly convinced that most wholesalers recognize that they are now receiving 67% more profit on our top-line comic product. We trust that no wholesaler will let the facts become distorted by the superficial 50% discount that evaporates before you get to the bank. *We urge you to consider carefully the net profit rather than the gross discount.*

Review the package, consider the public, the concepts and the fact that more money is made by wholesalers and retailers on DC COMICS than on any line in the business.

The 50% discount is a myth! Everything else stated in this editorial is a fact. And we welcome the challenge to prove it to you at any time.

Thank you, my friends.

Harold Chamberlain
President
Independent News

JACH SPAKE

BY JEFFREY H WASSERMAN

After reading the October Kirby books, I must agree with Tony Isabella when he says that they are the most enjoyable comics on the market. This past month we have seen action, Anti-Life, and the Omega effect and philosophy, death, and the Life Cube,the "Loch Ness" monster, the Newsboy Legion,in addition to some more D.N.Aliens.

Forever People Six opens with Glorious Godfrey's storm troopers and another visit with his philosophy of justification. "Belief in Anti-Life makes all justifiable." Recognizing the fact that all that is not of our life (such as slavery and, of course, the Anti-Life Equasion) is blessed, allows one to justify any insidious action taken. At one time, another people justified their movements by claiming to be the Master Race.

The Anti-Life Equasion gives mastery of all life to the one who can wield its power. Sunny Sumo is one such person capable of bending other's wills to his own. No one is immune to such power, not even the dreaded Darkseid. To ward off Sumo the hooded menace employs "the total wipe-out," the Omega Effect, banishing Sumo and all the young gods but Serifan to a place other than our earth.

Here we see Desaad as the vicious child at play. When Desaad's toys of torture are brought down around him, he reacts like that child and calls for the death of the tormentors of "poor Desaad". Then he cringes and cowers at the sight of blazing Happyland and seeks the presence of Darkseid. In return, Darkseid plays the father image.

Darkseid is Desaad's tutor, idol and a comfort. Darkseid's personality is not that of the cold, brutal personality of Doctor V. Von Doom, but they do share a love for power through a calmly-planned , rational and intelligent procedure. As a cool and calculating figure, Darkseid considers his conquest of New Genesis inevitable. No defeat can possibly discourage him for his minions are everywhere and into everything.

In "Glory Boat" we find a controversy-between and contradictions within two philosophies. The aggressive father versus the over-protective son. The elder criticizes the other for his lack of boldness until personalities are exchanged and it is the father who breaks down and the son who attacks the menace of Jaffar.

Lightray manipulates these two opposing forces and Orion to defeat the Deep Six and their terrible mutant. The scars and pain of Apokolips on the mutant's Life Cube and the dead son are washed off by the goodness that is New Genesis. With the Deep Six's biological weapon now a weapon for good, Orion and Lightray challenge the aquatic horde from Apokolips.

That challenge unfolds on page twenty-five as Orion and Lightray ride on the now reborn Life Cube with the dead son lying upon it, no longer bearing the mutated features bestowed upon him by Jaffar. This big scene is reminiscent of the Battle of Balaklava during the Crimean War when the Light Brigade rode to their death. Just as the English advance toward certain death, so do the New Gods. For Orion, who follows Lightray's commands, the lines,

> *"Theire not to make reply,*
> *Theire not to reason why,*
> *Theire but to do and die,"*

from Lord Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade*, is most fitting.

In this issue, *New Gods Six*, we find the best writing that Jack has done so far for National. His writing at this point is dramatic and bold, but his scripting is still a little weak. The words given to the father after the holocaust seem insufficient while the explanation of the Glory Boat's survival seems extraneous. All in all, if this is a sign of what is to come, the near future is not dark.

After the appearence of the two issues already discussed, *Jimmy Olsen 144* is, if anything, a let down. The plot is very shallow and the presence of the Newsboy Legion only leads to a failure of trying to be humorous. The sketchy inking of Colletta's, along with the dark colors employed detract from Kirby's pencils. *New Gods* and *Forever People* can boast of sharp, clear inking from Royer and of bright, light , colors. If these two are definite pluses (as they are), *Jimmy Olsen* is a setback.

Considering all three books as a whole, it has been a good month for Kirby. The sales of his books are reported to be in the black, and his plots are finally clicking. For the past few months, I've been a Kirby hold-out. I did not exactly like his work, but I felt that better things must be on their way. Now that many of the plots have been straightened out, the rivalry between the new gods can flourish in Jack's new magazines. The future can only be bright.

THE UNFANZINES

ADAM MALIN &
GARY BERMAN

This article will be written by one of us at a time, so the use of the word I will refer to the one writing the article. The we will refer to the both of us. Don't worry I don't understand it either.

Morris Scott Dollens is a painter who is not widely known in comic fandom. Those of you who are fans of science fiction probably are familiar with his work. He paints astronomical scenes in glowing brilliant colors. The pricetags are incredibly low. Mr. Dollens will make arrangements through the mail to sell his paintings, anyone who is interested, write to me and I'll send the address to you. This is not a plug--I have never met Mr. Dollens, but I feel many readers bould be interested. We were quite happy to have a number of his oils on display at Creation (1971 Art Con in New York.)

We hear that Berni Wrightson finally finished *Badtime Stories*, a collection of his work, all unpublished strips, and covers. It's been a long, bad time coming, but those who have the originals and those who have see them, say its his best work to date. At $5 a shot it is expensive, we'll review it when it comes out...Speaking of artists many fans are annoyed that Frazetta didn't appear at the Dallas convention. But I doubt that anyone was very disappointed. People don't come to cons to see a quest. This is one of the reasons we didn't play up any one guest for Creation. It's obvious you can't be sure if a person will come...While many people are worrying about the downfall of comics, it is my opinion there is great growth in fandom. Between science-fiction and comic fandom, the number of conventions has tripled in the last few years. True they are not all on the scale of the Worldcon or the Comic Art Convention, but they are a beginning.

But even with all this, people cannot understand the interest others hold for comic books and other related items. When we went to the convention co-ordinator at the New Yorker Yorker hotel asking that people sleep in the dealers room to protect the goods, they said no one would steal pieces of paper or books!!

Joe has given us free reign to review fanzines, which is important to us. In issue one of *Comic Fandom Monthly* up until number three, this task was delegated to *Fanzine Watch*. In issue one Mr. Stoelting reviewed: *Minotaur, Realm, Comique*, and *Unnamed Ditto Zine*. These fanzines are not representative of fan publishing today. In issue three, he reviews *Fan Informer, Cape, Voc*, and *Reality* without going into too much detail. His reviews and ratings are way off base from my opinions. *Reality*, while being far from perfect, deserves better than a 2, likewise *Voc* with a review rating of 1. *George*, the self-appointed watchdog for fandom, is generally looked at as *the* review fanzine. *George* has a circulation of about 400, I believe, *CFM* has a circulation of about 800. While this column and its reviews will reach more than twice as many people, we don't have the room to review the 20 or so fanzines *George* does. So we shall limit ourselves to about four or five. Usually, the four or five best of the month.

*First Some rules:*1)at this time no rating system. Too much emphasis is played on a number rating, and a system hasn't been devised yet that is fair to all types of publishers. 2) any fanzine sent to us will be reviewed. Send 'em to: Gary Berman, 197-50 Peck Ave. Flushing N.Y. 11365. Also send any news that would be of interest to readers of this column. 3)We will not review: *Infinity, George, -273°c, Reality*, and *Wonderful World of Comix*, because of inborn feelings for or against these fanzines. Anyone wishing to write a review on one of these, do so and send it to the above address.

REVIEW 1--*Nostolgia News*, a new title for *Dallascon Bulletin*. After withdrawing their bid for the 1973 World Science Fiction Con, the people who run the magazine decided to keep this prompter-adzine going in a new form. Its purpose now is to be the adzine for science-fiction fandom. Firstly it's unusual for an adzine to have a circulation of 6,000, and although it is tapered to science fiction, about 3/4 of the ads have been in the *RBCC*. Printed on newsprint every 6 weeks $1 for 4 issues. Whether or not they want to the *Bulletin* has and will continue to bring both comic fandom and science fiction fandom closer together. Perhaps its important that this occur. Its well known that science fiction cons discourage comic fans from attending. Vice Versa is *never* true.

REVIEW 2--*Scream Door #1:*Twenty-four well done slick pages of pro art. A nice front cover by Wrightson, an adequate back by Hickman. *Rat!* by Seane Todd, is an unusual idea similiar to the old E.C. stories. The next feature is a one-page interview with Todd, which isn't an interview at all. Remembering back to Feldman's *I'll Be Damned #1*, he pul-

led the same trick of advertising interviews which proved to be a letdown--they were just one or two pages.

Bob Juanillo and Mike Kaluta, the latter given much publicity as an up and coming great, offer two solid strips, Juanillo's being continued, so story-wise we'll have to wait. The slick paper or the magazine seems to detract from the strips, I'm not sure why but they seem less detailed then I'm sure they must be. The front cover, previously mentioned is on pebble-grain stock, and it looks so much different and better than the interior. For the $1 Lewis and Feldman are asking, buy it only if you are a strip fan, no reading of good text here. Ordering info will have to be gotten from ads, the address is not given in the magazine.

REVIEW 3--*Comic Fandom Monthly 3*. The mag has improved as most things do given time. I can see we'll be getting Krenkel art for a long, long time. Which isn't bad, but I'd like a little variety. The articles, though are the publication. The letter and rebuttal concerning Roy Thomas, while being interesting isn't the thing I'd like to see in CFM. The look at Noreascon was offbeat, too offbeat. I'd have liked to see a more substantial report. The rest of the articles are good, and the general appearance of the magazine has gotten more compact than the first two issues. It is nice to see something you can read, and if you skip over an article or two, you still get more out of *CFM* than any other fanzine published today. While CFM is not the best, or the finest artistic fanzine it has succeeded in what it wanted to become a magazine that brings you monthly,something you can get into.

That about wraps up the reviews--this month has seen a lack of fan publications After CreationCon we should have a number of interesting items to write on, as well as some newer fanzines and current events in fandom. Coming out soon--*Monster Times* the first on-the-stands newspaper devoted to fandom, comics, science-fiction, etc. Art by many of the people you associate with comics and fanzines.

FANZINE WATCH

Newcomer Fanzine #2, Terrence Meloy, Apt. 11, 6905 Forest Hills Rd., Rockford Illonois 61111. #3 is 20¢ if you write *761 offer* when you write. Otherwise it's 25¢. #2 is 25¢. It's six pages long. The cover is a good art cover of a bunch of super-heroes I've never seen before. Page two is an editorial and news of the coming issue. Page three has notes on rip-offs by fans of other fans and tips on drawing. Page four is a short article against the 25¢ comics. Page six is a one page, very good strip. As it is now, *Newcomer fanzine* is not a *great* fanzine. There is too much empty space and too much *Here is Newcomer*. With a little help and time it 'll be good though.

Fan Informer #31, Arvell M. Jones, 5729 Cadillac, Detriot Mi. Another six pager. The Jones/Dixon cover of Black Panther is good. Orzechowski editorial is functional. Rick Dey does fanzine reviews and if you want to know what someone else feels about sines, this is it. A page and a half of news is interesting and the FI seems to be putting out more dependable news as it goes along. 20¢.

Lost and Profound #182, Al Onia, 223-44 , Av. NW, Calgary, 47, Alto, Can. 10¢ for two. The first issue is two ditto pages and talks about the two *I-Spy* appearences in *Showcase* and lists the 80-page giants, along with an editorial. No. 2 contains a page article on *Manhunter 2070*, a book review, an editorial, a *D.C. Special* index, some things on Charlton horror magazines, some zine plugs, and an obituary for *Aquaman*.

Star Studded # 17, Star Studded, P.O.B. 242, Lewisville, Texas, 75067. Checks made out to Joe Bo Williams. This is first issue after quite a while. The cover is beautiful but the scene is fake. All the characters are stuck in non-human (or even non monster)poses. *The Knight and the Barbarian* has a poor story as well as poor art. The characters are overly trite and the art is basically sloppy and out of proportion. There are 2 grand pages of talk by Gardner Fox and John Jakes on Sword & Sworcery and their heroes.What follows is a strip by Roy Thomas and Sam Grainger on *Warrior of Llar*. The story could have been great but the way it was done made it about as exciting as watching a bowl of jello. The art is passable. The *Excel* strip tho not of high quality, was interesting and unusual.*Dragonfly* has fantastic art. Perhaps *Star-Studded*, now back, it may go on up the ladder to regain it's former post of fandom's all time great strip zine.

Comic Economics 1971

When it first came to pass that DC and Marvel had their books at different price/size levels, everone thought it would mean a war between the companies. Maybe it started, that way but now the situation is kind of a cold war type standoff.

DC feels the 25¢ price is working out fine and early statistics bear that out. The Audit Bureau of Circulation has released the statistics for DCs books for the first six months of 1971. This includes, naturally, the month of June, which was the first month of the new size. The best month of this period was February (5,253,860 copies sold) but June came in a close second (5,220,095) and led the other four months by a margin of between 200 and 500 thousand copies. These figures seem to be an early good sign for the new size. Exact figures for the following months are not available yet but the word is that sales continue to be good. No books have been dropped since July except *DC Special* which was a poor seller before the switch took place, and *Tomahawk*, which is a long time poor seller (speaking in relation to the other books), and which had to be dropped to leave room for Tarzan in Kubert's schedule (which was already overcrowded.) New books have been added, frequencies upped, and print runs increased. And the 50¢ giant is DC's hottest new item. It is one of the best selling books in the line, with the Love release having had only 178 unsold copies out of it's entire print run. This doesn't look to me like a company that is dying on its feet.

Marvel also is quite content. They have changed all their books (including the reprint mags and "showcase" types) to 20¢ issues, they are adding new strips to all their monster books, and they're adding three or 4 new titles in 1972. That sort of shows that they're not out of business either.

The major trouble with this size difference is that it is causing a subtle change in the elements of contention between the companies. In the old days they had to sell a comic on the basis of how good it was, not how large. Too much emphasis is being placed on the packaging now, not the content. Not that content is slipping. Both DC and Marvel are producing high quality original material (for the most part) and DC's golden age reprints and unpublished stories are almost as (and sometimes more) interesting than the original stuff. Quality's still there but since it is no longer a sales factor (speaking competitively) it may slowly sink with the sunset. Lest any one misunderstand me, I'm not saying that quality no longer has anything to do with selling a comic. I'm just saying that when everyone was at the same price it was the only factor. And that, my friends, is very scary. We may reach the point where the day dawns when publishers and business managers are more concerned with which distributor likes 20¢ books, or 25¢ books, or even 50¢ issues, than what their staff is producing for the inside of the issue. And then we will have lost the last touch of artistic feeling for the books in question. I hope that this never happens.

Now on to some economic facts about reprinting stories. I am sure that most of you are acquainted with the fact that two methods exist for this now. One is to use the old negatives of a story. This is far and away the cheapest. But, unfortunately, no one in the forties ever thought of saving these, so the total stock of golden age negatives at DC (I do not believe Marvel had any but I'm not sure.) is five 1948 Superman stories. Then there is the process which involves shooting new negatives from comics. This is cheapest when it can be done from black and white comics. This was done for the Plastic Man *DC Special* issue. When the negatives are shot from the regular four-color comics they cost the company roughly half of what new material would. It is this process which is bringing us tons of golden age stories from DC. Oh, in a sense there is a third method but it is the rarest...to reshoot negatives from the original art. Since not much original art is lying around in the form of complete stories old enough to reprint this method isn't much in use.

Why reprints in DC? Very simple. While the 25¢ books seem to be doing well,changing over to 100% new material would be expensive. They are doing it slowly. Most books now have 25 or 26 pages of new material as compared to 22 or 23 before the change. Then there are the four new DC books which are all new--the two gothics (*Sinister House* and *Dark Mansion*) and the 2 new Burroughs books (*Tarzan* and *Korak*). (Contrary to the persistant rumors about the supposed Foster reprints in *Tarzan*.) If these sell noticably better than similar books which contain reprints, then more DC books will probably up their original content.

Well, people, that's how the economics of the comics stand today. I'll let you know when (if ever) the situation changes. Peace!

Author Levitz edits Etcetera/The Comic Reader

Paul Terry Dead at 84

ANIMATION PIONEER CREATED MIGHTY MOUSE . . .

October 25, 1971 was a day two giants of the entertainment field died. One was the acid-tipped author of three dozen books, Mr. Phillip Wylie. The other was animation pioneer Paul Houghton Terry. The creator/owner of Terrytoons died at 84. He was born on 26 February 1887.

THE TERRY LEGACY

Terry animated more than one thousand features of all types. He was most prolific in the field for over forty years. When he sold his interest in Terrytoon in the mid-50's, he left its buyer, The Columbia Broadcasting System, with a backlog of 1,200 cartoons. His most famous was *Mighty Mouse*. In the earliest years his classic *Aesop's Film Fables* afforded him a great reputation even before Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse* and family appeared. *Film Fables* was issued in 1923 in the age of the silent film.

While *Mighty Mouse* and *Fables* were his most noted, he also produced many other cartoon classics. To me his very best were *Farmer Alfalfa* and *Heckle and Jeckle*. The two madcap magpies retain a great deal of popularity even today. Many local outlets continue to run them on Saturday mornings against the major networks new cartoons. They command better Neilson's than anyone could rightly expect from middle-age birds. *Mighty Mouse* still appears occassionally in ad campaigns for such items as children's vitamin tablets, toys and cookies.

PAUL H TERRY

MIGHTY MOUSE

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In 1952 Terry produced his thousandth career feature. It was called *Flatfoot Fledgling*, and it was the main display at a 1952 Paul H. Terry exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. The display cut across Terry's entire career, showing items such as his first Terrytoon (*Hungarian Goulash, 1931*), his initial work (*Cat and the Mice, 1921*) and a Terry classic (*Woodeman Spare That Tree,* a 1951 feature). *Aesop's Film Fables* and many of Terry's other creations appeared. I talked to the museum's press secretary and she mentioned that the display was one of the most popular shows ever held. It even set an attendance record at the time, which has since been broken.

TERRY AS INNOVATOR

Perhaps Terry's greatest contribution to the world of animated films were techniques developed in conjunction with *Aesop's Film Fables*. It was not uncommon in the early years of cartoons for artists to draw from 20 to 25 thousand drawings for the film's production. Terry cut that to only about 4 thousand. This was done by using translucent paper which let the previous illustration show through. This allowed the artist to add only the needed modifications, and not require him to re-draw the complete figure. In its day it was a god-send.

Although Terry retired when he sold his company, an article in *The New York Times* quoted William M. Weiss, vice-president and general manager of Terrytoons Division of Via-Com International, as saying that Terry still dabbled in the field and had recently generated many new cartoon ideas.

Paul H. Terry labored in relative obscurity when compared to Walt Disney. Yet Terry was the dean, the pioneer. His works will never reach the heights of popularity that Disney and Barks brought to *Mickey Mouse* or *Uncle Scrooge*, but they continue to be products of an era of creativity. They have become dream-stuff for more than the generation they were created for. Paul H. Terry left as his legacy a couple of mice, birds and other sundry folks. He could have left no better.

--Joe Brancatelli

A LOOK AT ASTERIX

BY GARY BROWN

Many people claim the comic strip as an American device, refined and perfected as a unique cultural contribution to the rest of the world. They tend to overlook, however, the fact that one of the most successful comic strips in history has been produced in France, by a pair of Frenchmen.

Asterix, created by Rene Goscinny and Albert Uderzo, has been a favorite of European and British comic strip aficionadoes for the past 15 years. Originally created for the French comic strip magazine, *Pilote*, Asterix has been translated into many languages and has appeared in many forms. The most popular being the story albums--48 page full color books, featuring one full adventure.

Asterix is a Gaul, living in the year 50 B.C., in a small village in northern Gaul. At the time of the strip, Rome has conquered all of Gaul, save this one small village. Roman camps surround it, but continual attempts to overtake it have failed. It seems that the residents of the village have a secret potion, which gives them superhuman strength when they drink it.

The strip revolves around the adventures of Asterix and Obelix, his friend and business partner. They are eager for adventure and always ready to tangle with the Roman legions, who have grown to fear any contact with the pair.

© 1971 DARGAUD S A

Obelix (l.) and Asterix the Gaul.

Asterix is a small warrior, sporting a winged cap and a long yellow moustache. He is brave, cunning, modest, and quite cool under pressure. He is the logical man, with a calm approach to every adventure.

Obelix is a giant of a Gaul who delivers menhirs, fights Romans and devours wild boar for a living. As a small baby, he fell into a caldron of the magic potion, which resulted in his enormous size and strength. At the point in each adventure when the magic potion is handed out, Obelix can always be found begging for just a sip. Naturally, he is always being refused.

Getafix is the village druid. He prepares the magic potion, and is the only one who knows the secret formula. He is well-versed in the art of preparing all sorts of potions and formulas, but insists on a special reason before hand. He is an old and slightly forgetful druid.

Other characters include *Cacafonix*, the village bard, who is constantly being tied up and gagged so he doesn't sing.

Vitalstatistix, the tribe's chief, and other occassional characters include the numerous Roman legionairies, Julius Ceasar, and a band of hard luck pirates.

© 1971 DARGAUD S A

Vitalstatistix (on shield) and Getafix (r.)

The strip is done in an esquisite cartoon style, with beautiful coloring. The writing is some of the best this author has ever come accross in comics. Witty, clever, creative and perfectly timed, from beginning to end. In short, the strip reads like a perfect animated film, with each panel containing one or two running gags. The rapid movement from gag to gag, panel to panel, gives the Asterix series its unique appeal to both children and adults. Uderzo's art is nothing short of excellent. Cartoony but detailed, with very fine inking.

Names in the strip are delightfully conceived and cleverly used. A dog belonging to Obelix is called *Dogmatix*, and there are Roman leaders named *Christmas Bonus*, *Nebulus Nimbus*, and *Felonius Caucus*.

The Romans are treated in a light manner,

"Asterix is the best comic strip I have read, equal to anything Barks, Eisner or Kelly has turned out."

with their leaders being usually unqualified buffoons or evil, power-hungry villians. In the end, however, they are all humiliated by the Gauls. It should be noted that the humiliation is hardly ever malicious, but most often, the result of some innocent backfiring in their plans...with help from Asterix and Obelix, of course.

Asterix and Obelix are legend around the Roman soldiers. They hate to go out on patrol in the area, for fear of running into "those crazy Gauls." Once they played a game of musical chairs to see who would have to face the Gauls. Obelix has a favorite game he plays with the soldiers, which consists of collecting their helmets as he clobbers each of them. Needless to say, he is always walking around with a dozen or so helmets in his hand.

Romans pick a spy by musical chairs method.

Although Asterix has been translated into English, the United States has only seen three of the series. Published by William Morrow and Company in 1970 as a hardback, they sold for $2.95 per book, which is a bit too much to pay for a *comic book* by the economic thinking of most people. The US editions have not sold well enough to merit additional volumes being marketed.

In all, there have been 18 Asterix albums published, and seven of them have been translated into English. All seven of the English translations are available in Great Britian, for about $1.75 per book. You can order the three U.S. books through a local bookstore, or write the publisher (William Morrow and Company, 105 Madison Avenue, New York, New York, 10016) for their prices.

As you would expect, there is a slight-loss in translation, but generally only in the use of slang words, and not enough to spoil your enjoyment of the books.

Asterix is the best comic strip I have read, equal to anything Carl Barks, Will Eisner or Walt Kelly has turned out.

The Translated Asterix Albums:

*Asterix the Gaul**--The origin of Asterix, so to speak. The Romans set out to find what makes the Gauls invincible. They capture Getafix, hoping to force him into making a potion for them.

Asterix the Gladiator --The Romans capture Cacofonix (much to their regret) to give to Ceasar as a gift. Asterix and Obelix go to Rome and enlist as gladiators in order to save the bard.

Christmas Bonus (l.) & Marcus Cinantonicus.

*Asterix and Cleopatra**--Asterix and Obelix travel to Egypt to help build a palace for an old friend. Against rivals and labor problems, they try to meet the deadline set by Cleopatra.

Asterix in Britian---Asterix and Obelix take a barrel of the magic potion to a cousin in Britain, hoping it will help defeat the Romans, who have just conquered the island nation.

*Asterix the Legionary**--Obelix falls for the beautiful *Panacea* and helps Asterix rescue her boyfriend, who has been captured by the Romans. In order to do this they enlist in the Roman Legion and foul-up the entire army.

Asterix and the Big Fight---The chief of another Gaulish tribe (pro-Roman) uses the traditional challenge on Vitalstatistix, in an attempt to gain control of the tribe for the Romans. Asterix and Obelix have a time of it, trying to revive Getafix in time to brew up some of the potion.

** published in the United States.*

As this article went to press, *Asterix in Spain* was scheduled for release in England.

THE NEDOR ERA

BY ART MILLER

STARTING A SERIES ON THE NEDOR SUPER-HEROES

Hello fandom! Since this is my first regular column, I thought I would introduce my supporting cast. The column, as the title indicates, will deal with the Nedor-Standard Company.

Nedor Company started publishing comics early in 1940. Within two years,there were nine super-hero titles plus several funny and adventure titles on the market. The first title published was *Thrilling*, which came out in February 1940.

The Nedor group of comics never had a great array of artistic talent or quality writing. In the beginning, Nedor's art and stories were equal or just below the average of the two big companies,National or Timely Pub. Co. The second world war provided most of the stories for the super-heroes of the line. The only redeeming feature of the mid-forties was the fantastic cover art by Alex Schomburg. In the late forties, the stories and interior art improved. It was at this time that George Tuska's and Mort Meskin's art started to grace various *Standard* titles though their arrival came too late to save the company. By this time Schomburg's covers were becoming fewer and fewer. His final replacement, an artist by the name of Xela, did not come close to capturing the well-done cover masterpieces of Schomburg. Finally, in 1951 with sales going down, *Standard Publications* closed their doors. In their eleven year run, *Nedor* comics had gone under several names: *H. Wise Company, Better Publications, Nedor Publications,* and last but not least, *Standard Publications.*

Well, that's the supporting cast, the individual stars, Black Terror, Fighting Yank, etc. will be introduced in future columns by me.

FIGHTING YANK

BLACK TERROR

PYROMAN

DOC SAVAGE

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NEDOR

WANDERING FAN

BY TONY ISABELLA

When I was a child--and the calendar says that time is further away than my memory can easily accept--Halloween was that one day of the year when our fantasy worlds meshed with their reality, a time of wonder. The smiling faces that handed out apples and candy never dreamed that the little boy behind the tied-on Ben Cooper mask was Italian. That I could understand the jokes about gangsters and juvenile delinquents. (It was well established that only certain nationalities could hold a knife or swing a club.) They had their masks and I had mine. Still, Halloween was the day when the masks seemed very real, the world a very nice place to be.

Halloween has become a mixed blessing. In Cleveland and vicinity, we had over 25 cases of crushed glass, needles, and poisons found in Halloween "treats". We had rough going at the newspaper. We had to print these stories to warn parents of the danger, knowing every story could encourage yet another maniac. It was a hard weekend.

There may be a ban on door-to-door trick-or-treating next year. Just chalk up another treasure we've stolen from the kids. They've so few left.

Halloween has become a night of terror to many parents (and older brothers). And comic books, as always, reflect the state of their times and their writers' minds.

Last year, the comic book companies had a single Halloween story, Roy Thomas' "Come on In...The Revolution's Fine!" in *The Avengers #83*. It was a fast-moving adventure story of incredible derring-do, dazzling heroics, and Tom Palmer inks. Its touch of humor added to the over-all entertainment.

This year, we have two tales for All Hallows Eve and the lighting has been taken way down for the performances. In *Marvel Feature #2*, Roy's "Nightmare on Bald Mountain" deals with black arts practitioners and a suddenly deified Dormammu. Denny O'Neil's story, "The Night of the Reaper" in *Batman #237*, puts us in the company of Nazi war criminals and the insane Reaper. Considerably darker foes than the Masters of Evil or women's lib.

"Nightmare on Bald Mountain" is a loosely plotted story with the looseness allowing a high degree of embellishment and pacing. The first page sets the mood. Ross Andru and Sal Buscema tell Roy's story in dark tones. They get a gloomy effect. The coloring is just as effective. This is a story about Evil and no bright colors are used.

Roy follows through on this dark mood. He never lets up. The black mass. The summoning of the dread Dormammu. The capture of Doctor Strange's mortal form. Tom Fagen's retelling of Bald Mountain legends. (Roy treats guests right. For the second time, Tom has the best lines of the issue.) Clea's late hour search for Namor and the Hulk. The unholy ritual of transference. The cataclysmic battle. To his optimistic last panel, three men hoping that evil has been buried forever, knowing it has only been buried for a while, ready to fight it again. An excellent story and one deserving of Goethe Award consideration.

"Night of the Reaper" is also set in dark places, both physical and mental. Neal Adams and Dick Giordano parade a host of frightening scenes before us--gnarled old trees, sad corpses, shadows in the moonlight, the scary figure of the Reaper himself. O'Neil, on the other hand, shows us the darker side of humanity through the war criminals' past deeds and the Reaper's all-consuming revenge. It's a pessimistic story with no winners and many losers. O'Neil and Adams show the same sense that Thomas showed by lightening the story's gloomy mood with "in" jokes and some hilarious sight gags. Adams' drawing of the parade is especially good. This story is the finest Batman story of the year, making it also one of the best comix stories of the year. Award consideration? Definitely.

Two excellent stories. And if the writers have been saddened by the times, they retain the basic optimism of super-hero writing.

Comic Fandom Monthly is, as you've doubtless noticed from this issue, changing. I've been given *carte blanche* on this column, but I'd like to know what you would like to find under its heading. Write me at that same old address--11203 PeonyAvenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44111---and let me know,keeping in mind that I am indeed but a lowly hack, ordered to entertain you or, at least, not irritate those of you paying for this magazine. Let us hear from you, shouthearts!

In the meantime, since no one else is doing them this issue and since a bunch of you have indicated that you enjoy them, here are some reviews of current comics...

Adventure Comics #413: John Albano's "The Walking Bombs" is a good story that could've been a lot better with about ten more pages. Neither Supergirl nor her foeman get much of a chance to do anything in the fifteen pages

CONT.

"'Earth's Impossible Day' . . .is Fox at his best, before his writing nose-dived at Warren, Skywald and Marvel."

allotted. While we get a good look at Supergirl as Everygirl (Linda Lee Danvers, who is the closest thing to a real girl we've found in Superman family titles), Supergirl is not well used. The on-off-on again powers bit is boring, and, more importantly, space-consuming (several panels per story). It should be disposed of once and for all. As for her foe this time, Robery Meekly, an attempt to make him a sympathetic character fails because it is squeezed into five overwritten panels. We needed pacing in this story, but the fifteen pages weren't enough to do it in. Art by Art Saaf and Bob Oksner, who are the artists for Supergirl in our opinion. (No, I haven't become schzoid. I'm merely using the far-famed editorial plural. As Cleveland Amory has explained, "We would not have laughed if Queen Elizabeth had said '*I am not amused*'.")

"Earth's Impossible Day," the Hawkman reprint by Gardner Fox, is one of those highly readable back-up stories the Schwartz-edited books of the early 60's made good use of. It is Fox at his best, before his writing nose-dived at Warren, Skywald, and Marvel. It has solid, very human characterization of Carter Hall and Shiera and some excellent sequences --Carter's marveling at the Earth invention, the sandwhich, and the theft of an invisible artifact. The package is wrapped in fine art by Joe Kubert. Even Murphy Anderson comes in second to Kubert when it comes to portraying the winged wonder.

Gray Morrow may very-well prove to be *the* Zatanna artist. His presentation of this issue's "Zatanna the Magician" by Len Wein has to be the finest job he's done for the color comics. And while it may be too early to review the story, this being only the first of three parts, we like what Len has done. He's fleshed out Zatanna's character, adding that touch of the sensuous. (We approve!) Jeffrey Sloane, her manager, is an adorable nebbish. He upstages his beautiful star by commenting on his swordplay prowess seconds before getting knocked on the head. (That scene had us roaring, if only because we saw a very similar scene at a recent convention where a fan playing with a broadsword--and uttering some Conan-type oaths--promptly lodged said sword in the ceiling of his hotel room.) Zatanna's a big plus to *Adventure Comics*.

"The Robot Ghost" isn't. Robotman has become a popular reprint feature with the guys who select these stories. Rightfully so. But this story is a poor one, completely predictable and utterly without suspense. We enjoy these older reprints very much, but we think they should be more than old. They should be of historical importance--the origin stories in *Justice League*--or simply good tales. The DC files contain an abundance of both.

The Avengers #96: The Kree-Skrull war has propelled this title to the top of our list, topping even Conan. This war has been skillfully handled from its very start. This issue's "The Andromeda Swarm" by Roy Thomas and Neal Adams is no exception. It advances this war to what promises to be a spectacular end in the next issue. Neal's artwork, while not his best--due, we assume, to that portofolio theft which *Etcetera* and *Newfangles* recently reported--is effective. Especially that page four shot of the Skrull Armada. Roy's use of all the characters involved, with Clint Barton and Rick Jones outstanding, is more thar exceptional. It's superb. We'd like the pair above to play major roles in future stories. Perhaps Clint has an old bow around...

Captain America #148: Gary Friedrich, for four issues now, has been trying to do something with Captain America. Commendable. But he's getting bogged down with too many characters and situations and far too much inane battling on the parts of both SHIELD and Hydra. "Mission:Destroy the Femme Force" is a good example. We like Cap's greater involvement with SHIELD and the reappearence of old favorites like the Countess and Eric Koenig. Trouble is, they're coming too fast. We need a plausible plan for the operation of SHIELD before characters can be added. Every issue, we're bothered by a few nagging details. For example, where's Dum-Dum, supposedly a right hand man of Nick Fury?

Hydra's operation is equally vague. Hydra is supposed to be an omnipresent threat--recite Hydra's oath everybody--but it has this bad habit of putting all its bombs in a single bomb bay. They've gone through about six leaders and have seemingly been reduced to a multi-billionaire's playthings. Named Harold Howard? Come on, Gary!

The Femme Force is ridiculous, in concept and practice. We see no more reason in forming a fighting squad composed only of female agents than we do for one composed solely of men. Especially if we must suffer Sharon and Val bickering over who gets to set next to a "hunk of man like Captain America."

It was good to see Sal Buscema doing some penciling after too long an absence. He has been missed.

Captain America. Worth watching.

CONT 24

"We worried that the black GL would be a new stereotype..."

Daredevil #84: Plan a picnic and it rains on the cream cheese. Speak with the voice of pessimism about a comic book and you may get a pleasent surprise with the next issue. Not that "Night of the Assassin" by Gerry Conway makes up for recent issues of *Daredevil*, but it does bring the unfortunate Mr. Kline tale to an end. There are a few loose threads yet to be dealt with, mostly concerning the personal lives of the heroes involved, but they can easily be sewed up with Kline out of the picture. We're looking forward to next issue to see what Gerry makes of this fresh start. The reports we've received indicate the book will receive a new direction. Not an ish too soon.

Green Lantern #87: How do you top what is undoubtedly the best story of the year? It's impossible. But the three stories herein are the most glorious failures we've ever had an opportunity to read.

When we heard that Denny O'Neil was doing a story about a black Green Lantern, we visibly shuddered. We were sure he'd blow it, a feeling we had about the previous two issues before we read them. Once again, Denny showed us how wrong we could be. He pulled off a difficult story in "Beware My Power." And he did it well.

John Stewart is a real person. We worried that the black Green Lantern would be one of the new racial stereotypes we've seen lately in comics--the Falcon's girl friend, for example. Our worries were groundless. O'Neil's given us a character who, in his personality and in his style, is his own man. John, when seen next to the somber Hal Jordan, is a refreshing break from Green Lantern tradition. He's unique among the Emerald Warriors. We'd like to see him again. Soon.

Elliot Maggin's first script for the comics indicates that we've got what could be a major talent developing here. The man behind the bow has never been portrayed so clear as in "What can one Man Do?" The Arrow has been maturing as of late. He's no longer a raving liberal. He's a thinking liberal. There is a major difference and we're glad to see someone bring it out. Elliot Maggin is deserving of your attention . Check out the story he's done for *Superman #246*, also recommended.

Finally, "Earth's First Green Lantern" by John Broome is one of the best old-new Green Lantern from that writer's happy association with the character. Abin Sur came alive thru this story. We saw what it takes to wear the power ring. John Broome was always subtle in dealing with human heroism, but, somehow, we always got his message.

Three great stories. Four real heroes. An excellent issue.

No doubt you've been eagerly awaiting the results of our exciting (Yup!) Wandering Fan Descriptive Dreadnought Contest. Well, we've got the entries in and the winners are...

TOM HEGEMAN, who wins the page of artwork by Jim Steranko for *X-Men #51* for his entry the devil-may care adventurer who will go on any job, no matter how dangerous, the death-defying *Nathan Ventured...*

SCOTT EDELMAN, who wins the back cover of CFM #1's premiere issue, the drawing by Bill Stillwell, for his creation of the woman who is hot, heavy, and no honky. She's gonna revamp the black revolution and change it into *her* revolution...*Ebony Wilder!*

Congratulations, heroes! Your prises will be in the mail before you read this.

On behalf of *Comic Fandom Monthly* and myself, I want to thank all of you who entered the contest. We got over two dozen character creations in and we all had some fun. If you didn't win, don't fret. We're working on the next contest and we'll spring it on you real soon now. Your have been warned!

Thanksgiving is approaching and it's time to start thinking of all the good we have in our lives, the good things and the many good friends. I'd like to tell all of you personally how much my long association with comix and comix fandom has meant to me. To say I'm rich man because of you would be corny, even cliche. I don't care. It's true. You mean as much to me as the friends I spend long hours visiting. In fact, due to that wonderful invention, the two groups often overlap. Let's appreciate the good things while doing whatever we can to get rid of the bad.

Speaking of conventions, I'd like to wish a merry convention to those of you attending the Creation con this Thanksgiving. While it isn't possible for me to attend this year, I will be there in spirit. (Maybe in more than spirit. I keep hearing rumors of a poster of me in a bathtub in production. Yipe! Is fandom really ready for that?) Here's hoping it is a big success, folks!

And that wraps it up for this issue, fanzine freaks! Be here next issue when I again produce a column for fandom's answer to *Radical Chic*...COMIC FANDOM MONTHLY!

The Goethe Awards '71

Courtesy Don and Maggie Thompson of Newfangles, a recommended news and opinion fanzine. 20¢ will get you the fifty-fourth and final issue.

In 1831, Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe enthusiastically commented on the work of Rodolphe Topffer--and inspired him to work further in the field of comic art. Topffer was the first to consider the picture story as an art form--and it may have been due to Mr Goethe that Topffer created his most extensive picture stories. Goethe was, thus, the first Big Name Fan in comics. (and you may tell that to the next person who sneers at your hobby.) We're using his name for a series of awards for fandom's favorites. If you want a simpler name, you can stick to the 1971 COMIC ART FAN AWARDS.

WHAT? Awards for 1971 in the comic art field. Eligibility includes prozines dated 1971 or fanzines/underground magazines copyright or published in 1971. ANYTHING is eligible--but it must be based on *1971 work done.* Reprints are eligible, simply because they are not always identified as such when they appear.

WHY? Fans have expressed a desire for yearly awards which are prompt, simple, and based on a standard ballot. That was 1970's Goethe--and will be 1971's Goethe Awards, too.

WHEN? Wait till the end of 1971 (so as to accomodate fanzines/underground zines published in the year; you can play with comics out now, since most are into '72's dates already), and then send in the nominating ballots. These must be mailed by Feb. 1, 1972. (second, final, ballot deadline will be June first, 1972.)

WHAT FORM? First is this ballot. Vote for your favorite ONE in each catagory, except in story and fanzines catagories, where you will vote for your favorite TWO (not in any order). Any more listed will disqualify your vote in the catagory. Then will come the final ballot, with entries based on the nominating, NOT whim of any committee;if the nominators want something on the ballot, it will be there. (That's NOMINATORS as a group of course.

WHAT VOTERS? ANY FAN can vote on BOTH ballots--one ballot per voter per election. (Obvious ballot stuffing will result in destruction of all connected ballots.) We don't want voting limited to fans of our acquaintance--so if you're a faneditor, club president, second-hand dealer, or, some such please circulate a facsimile of both sides of this ballot. Or tell your readers and friend that they can get either ballot from us, for a self-addressed, STAMPED envelope (or a dime)! Oh, and if you don't feel qualified to vote on a specific item, just leave it blank.

WHAT DETAILS? This is the second year of the Goethe Awards. Announcement of final results will be at the NYComiCon (the July 4 weekend)--and in newszines following.Or you can send us a self-addressed, stamped, envelope (or dime) for a listing. NO AWARD, and ABSTAIN will be on the final ballot as an option in all catagories. You may vote on your own facsimile form, if you do-not want to use this one.

Special Note: Do not send the ballot to Comic Fandom Monthly. Please send them to the address listed on the ballot. Any forms sent to us will be thrown away, leaving your 1 ballot uncounted.

ALLEY AWARD DEAD

Last second maneuverings aimed at reviving the year lost Alley Awards have failed. The Alleys have been officially disbanded.

Back on October 5th when Paul Levitz took control of THE COMIC READER, he and Joe Brancatelli of COMIC FANDOM MONTHLY attempted to gather support behind a ballot for distribution in 1971. However, the Goethe Awards had already been distributed, and the effort was abandonned.

Plans to run the Alleys starting in 1972 were also killed when the Thompsons announced that the Goethe's will survive after NEWFANGLES dies in December.

Both Levitz and Brancatelli were convinced that dual fan awards would be ludicrous and unless the Goethe's fail in the future, the Alleys will not be revived.

The Alleys were first held in 1961, as part of the original Academy. They had a poor history, having been delayed a year in 1968, and not announced in 1969, or held in 1970. ---Joe Brancatelli

1971 Nominating Ballot...

(1) *Favorite Pro Artist* (Can be pencils or inks or both. You can even vote for your favorite colorist.)

_____.

(2) *Favorite Pro Writer*

_____.

(3) *Favorite Pro Editor*

_____.

(4) *Favorite Pro Comic Book* (Any kind; it can be romance, funny animals,etc. Black and white or color. Definition of "Pro" is not that of money-making, but of nation-wide newsstand distribution, thus putting competition on a relatively equal basis. Vote for title of comic, not for issue number.

_____.

(5) *Favorite Underground Comic* (this is any comic art which doesn't appear on the newsstands; it can apply to fanzines with mostly comic art or "underground comix" or mail order comic art from pros

_____.

(6) *Favorite Comic-Book Story* (Any length, as long as it appears in one comic book. Only one installment from a series would be eligible. It may be from, the undergrounders. *Vote for two.*)

_____

_____

(7) *Favorite Comic-Book Character* (This can be a member of a group, a sole hero or even a supporting character.)

_____.

(8) *Favorite Fanzine* (The all-comics zines eligible in #5 are excluded. Vote for the fanzine title, not issue number. *Vote for two.*)

_____.

_____.

(9) *Favorite Fan Writer* _____.

(10) *Favorite Fan Artist*_____.

Please write or type legibly. Sign your name on the line below, and type your name (or write it) under your signature.

_____.

Return all ballots by *February 1, 1972* to:

Don and Maggie Thompson
1971 Goethe Awards
8786 Hendricks Road
Mentor, Ohio 44060

BEARD MUTTERINGS IV

BY NORMAN MASTERS

I often wonder how similar the internal fantasy lives of most of us are. That other fellow over there that I know: he reads comics regularly and has read them for years, like me; what goes on inside him when he's wrapped up in those pages, spellbound? And, more to the point, what goes on inside him when he *isn't* reading them, when he's alone with himself with only his own internities before him. What plays does he act out then, upon that stage before which he is his own only audience.

I ask myself those questions sometimes, and sometimes with those rare friends who are close enough that some measure of inner thoughts and feeling can be shared without-fear I get inklings and learn a bit in answer, and piece a bit more together from other stray comments here and there, and decide *their* inner world, at least, isn't so very different from my own.

But then I start wondering about all those other people out there, people who aren't my friends, and people who maybe never *could* be real friends... And maybe we could not because our inner worlds *are* different...

Of course these inner worlds I speak of have broad boundaries, and are, actually, multi-worlds. We live in many worlds, many dimensions, and like dreams they hazily merge together around the edges. For our purposes now I speak of comic worlds and their influences upon us, and, in part, the *why* we read comics. Or some of us. One of us. Once.

Ah, my friend, those colored pages color our dreams...

The kinds of dreams you have are probably reflected by the kinds of comics you prefer. Not many femmes are fanatic super-hero readers; super-heroes have, predominately, a male audience--and understandably so.

And that is what I'm going to dwell upon for these next several paragraphs; super-hero comics, you, and I. In large part I, I suppose, for when it comes to those inner fantasy worlds, that world of daydream stuff and imaginative wish-fulfillment, I do not really know about you. There's only one person's world I can speak of with authority.

My own.

There are people who read super-hero comics books, and, there are people who read super-hero comic books. The first love them, and they seem to mean something more to them, a fondness, a warmness that stays--a meaningfulness. The others are those who are the casual readers, the read-'em, roll-'em-up kind, where it's been a moment's amusement and the time has not been quite so boring as it would have been otherwise--the throw-'em-away, forget-'em kind. The ones I suspect are not the dreamers, nor super-sensitive ones, and I really can't say that I understand them at all. Their whole inner landscape is alien to me. But then, maybe they're only put one kind of dream aside for another kind, though I wonder if all their dreams haven't been duller than those of others.

It's the dreamers I speak of--and if you are reading this you're probably one of the dreamers too. Dreamers' worlds, *your* worlds, my worlds. How do they touch, and...how does this lead to the greatest comic of them all?

The greatest comic is subjective, of course, and it's probably different for each of us--for our inner feelings are colored differently; the needs, the desires, the fulfillment take on our own individual peculiarities, and that greatest comic is one aspect of that fulfillment.

For most it seems to center around a certain character. Spider-Man is one of these characters, and I can understand why, although I've never been able to identify with Spider-Man fully, myself. (The reason is simple. Spidey is college age and I've been out of college seven years now. I find it very difficult--in that "willing suspension of disbelief"--to put myself into a character that is much younger than I. For that reason I have to opt for some of the older characters, though I wish he'd been around when *I'd* been 16-19 years old!) For a good friend of mine, it's Conan. For me the Vision, in large part, fills the bill, now, at least. But that best comic ever isn't one of the Avengers comics with the Vision therein. No no no. It's a Daredevil comic; *Daredevil #57* to be exact.

This is strange, in a way, because it doesn't come from my own personal "Golden Age"--that time when all comics are new and wonderful, when one is particularly susceptible to there magic, and, far less critical because one isn;t experienced enough to realize how repetitiously tired some of those plots are. Nope, I read it *after* the several years span during which I'd decided comic books were juvenile and I'd matured beyond this kind of juvenility (all the time wondering when my best friend was going to

THE GREATEST COMIC EVER--AND WHY

get around to growing up himself. He just kept on collecting Marvels, reading them voraciously, spreading his collection out on his bed to feel the full power of all those magic-ridden covers convulging on him at once, treasuring those golden moments and re-treasuring them, seemingly undaunted by the taunts of others about him who laughed at his reading material.) Then in '65, in a spirit of fairness, I decided one month to give these things a try that my friend was so fanatic about, just to see if there was anything to them at all. And found, in surprise, that this Marvel fantasy universe was really a very facinating world! I was hooked needless to say, and have had to live with my wife resurrecting some of those things I *used* to say about comic books ever since.

But just a fascinating fantasy world with super-heroes who are more like people than any other super-heroes had been before isn't what it takes to make that greatest comic book of all, though it's a necessary step. No, it's something more than that, for it has to distill all our dreams, our fantasies, those inner plays we acted out before no one but ourselves and would have been *afraid* to let anyone else know of because we could not bear the possible mockery or dismissal of that important existence as being "childish" or "juvenile" or just daydreaming. And it presents the essence of all those inner moments back to us. Now this is rare, very rare, for it takes an author who *himself* knows to be able to even do it.

I said "and why" in that title back there, and that explanation will take a little background, and a bit of self-revelation. Treat it softly, gentle reader. It's thirteen-years ago Norman Masters, but even with that distance I am a little dubious about letting others know. We don't dare let others know those secret inner fantasies, because a single note of laughter hurts too deeply.

Thirteen-year-dead Norman Masters. I do think I can treat him rather dispassionately at this point. How close to me now he is I'm not about to tell you. Distance. And barriers. And self-protection.

Couple-years-dead you, too? Or maybe not dead at all? How different are our inner worlds?

He was shy and backwards around girls to a degree that is almost unbelievable. And he never had anything to say other than monosyllabic answers to questions should they speak to him. And he would never *dare* ask one out on a date.

But, ahh, the conversations he would have in his mind! And the fantasy life! That's where the super-heroes come in--for, of course, all of us, in our private inner worlds, are super-heroes. Only those other people out there don't know it... It's a kind of secret identity! But *if* they knew, or *when* they learn, when it is all, at last, disclosed, ah, *then...!*

That, you surely understand is the real, reason for the secret identity. Not for such silly eternal trying-to-find-out reasons, that were the central theme of Superman and Superboy for so long. No no. The real reason for a secret identity is that it *be* found out in that final climatic moment of revelation.

I invented endless stories. I lived, and acted them out. Many a time, I would battle three, six, a dozen bullies in my bedroom, wham, wham, sock, spin on my heel, grab the one on my back and send him flying, "Why you dirty---" Wham! until I'd lay them all out. Sometimes they'd knock me down too, and down I'd smack onto that floor (and it'd hurt, too, when I whammed an elbow against the wook or cement, scraped a knee or misjudged and let my head smack back too far and too quickly from that last vicious kick). I fought *hard*, I'll tell you, because I was usually panting for five minutes afterwards just getting back my wind.

Mom, of course, would hear some of these strange sounds issuing from me and my bedroom and would call out, "What are you *doing*, Norman?" or "What fell?" (Almost as embarrassing as being caught beatin' off!) Invariably my answer was "Nothin'. I'm not doing anything" or, "Just exercising." It sure broke the spell, though, for several minutes afterwards. You never quite could get into it fully again this time around because you knew there was someone there who would *hear*, and this was something you simply never let them know about.

Ah, I was a super-hero, alright, but Mom didn't know it, nor my brother, nor my friends (well, maybe one friend knew in my fantasy life, but not in real life), nor *anybody*. I may have had great strength and been able to polish off a dozen bullies (although, admittedly, twelve was usually pretty hard and it pretty well took all I had, and put me in the hospital for a couple

CONT

weeks afterwards. Had to be realistic, you know); I may have been able to jump heights up to twelve and fifteen feet; but for all my fearlessness and valor, for all my courage and strength, there was one thing I would not have been able to bear up under. I was not invunerable, see.

I could not have borne ridicule.

There was always a girl, of course. She had to be rescued. She had to be defended. She was always the pretty girl I had a crush on at school at the time. And she was the one who always figured in that climatic episode, that one episode all the others were but preambles to: the final revelation.

The unmasking.

For the purpose of a secret identity is for the secret to be revealed.

To her.

And she would know then--that this pimply faced bashful Norman Masters was really the hero all of Clarkston was talking about, who had appeared in the newspapers, who had been her unknown defender, protector and rescuer all those times, who had saved her life and the lives of others, who had saved her honor more than once, but had never accepted any more than a short kiss in reward, if even that, and to who she was eternally indebted now. She had *loved* that hero--and now she knew, at last, who he was!

The greatest comic ever was *Daredevil #57* --and that's why. It took 56 issues of Daredevil to build up to that climatic moment, and finally it came, perfect in every detail--Karen's belief that Matt was dead (ah, all the tears those girls never knew they wept over *me*, thinking *me* dead!), the rain, the slow dramatic unmasking, the revelation. Every expression captured so perfectly, and I lived it again as I had lived it so many other times--only this time it was *before* me in print, the dumbfounded shock, the surprise. And, reading it the first time, assuming that the rest was simply unshown because that's a private moment, theirs alone, the tears turning to tears of joy, the coming together into each other's arms...

Roy Thomas *knew!* God, but that man knew; all of it. Perfectly. And I've often wondered how many hundreds of times *he* lived that scene, when he was fifteen, sixteen, seventeen years old. I wonder if *his* mother ever wondered what was going on when *he* was scuffling with all those villians when he thought he had privacy and none would know.

I think I cried when I reached the end of that issue. And the tears were of a kind of joy. For this was it--right here--all of it --and someone else had been there too.

But there was one thing that that thirteen year dead Norman Masters never did consider, because he never went past that climax. In endless variation he built up to it and lived it over and over again; many times he was even dead at the end and only *then* did they learn in shocked surprise... But when he lived he never asked "What happened afterwards?" It was always a "happily ever after" expectation, I guess.

Daredevil magazine had to go on, of course. There had to be an issue #58, and 59 and 60, and 61,...Roy Thomas had to ask that question and answer it.

And that bitch, Karen Page--I don't feel a *bit* sorry for her! Don't these women understand at *all*? But maybe that's why so few femmes read much super-hero fare. And Roy is right. She *wouldn't* understand.

But I keep hoping that maybe with Spidey and Gwen... For *Spider-Man #103*, "Walk the Savage Land," has more of that, the magic that real daydream stuff, marred only by Gil Kane's "artwork." Roy Thomas again. More than *Daredevil #57* this has the kind of story line that is the material of those inner fantasies. Exotic adventure, and *she's* there see.

Or maybe you don't see. We live in seperate worlds and see with different eyes, tho they work on the same principle. But maybe what they see means something entirely different to each of us.

Worlds of fantasy, worlds of dreams. Dreamers' worlds. And what is lost when those worlds are set aside in the name of a different world, the world that's referred to as "reality"? And is not that world percerived by the same vision as the one that's called "fantasy"? Same vision, same seeing, and that's all we ever *do* really see with, so what is the difference.

The Greatest Comic Ever? Why? It's the way we see; and may that seeing always be that rich, that full, that water-wonderful.

I often wonder how similar those internal fantasy lives of each of us are? You, when you're alone, what plays do you act out upon that stage before which you are your own only audience?

I have no way of knowing. So I've told you about someone I do know, who *was* this, once. Now you can answer the question better than I, for you know of *two* worlds...

OK, THE EDITOR'S UGLY, BUT WE ARE NOT SELLING HIM...YET!

What does it take to survive in comic book fandom? Well, start with a smattering of Tony Isabella's WANDERING FAN, a little of Mark Evanier's TERATOLOGY, a dash of BEARD MUTTERINGS by Norman Masters, a pinch of Mike Raub & APA-WATCH, a half-pound of Cliff Letovsky's VIEW FROM CANADA, a SOUNDING BOARD by Stan Clish, some SCI-FI AND FANTASY by Joe Thomasino, a little JACH SPAKE by Jeff Wasserman some dashes of Adam Malin, Bob Pinaha, Wally Stoelting, Gary Berman, Art Miller and Gary Brown, give it to Joe Brancatelli and "Jakey" Jenkins to edit, and serve it on a monthly basis, and you have got COMIC FANDOM MONTHLY. Every month CFM brings you fandom's best writers in large in-depth doses and gives you some needed relief from art-zine headache. Get fandom's only monthly article zine, CFM.

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THE ONLY LIVING SUPERHERO EVER!

BY STAN CLISH

IN 2 PARTS

Yes, Virginia, there was a superhero who lived. He was flesh and blood, 6 feet 1 inch and 190 pounds to be exact. His strength, speed, stamina, and cleverness were so far beyond any other man that he defies comparison.

He couldn't fly, spin webs, move at the speed of light, or utilize a power ring. He didn't have to. His natural equipment was so much more than enough for any man.

On any given Sunday he could have taken : The Batman, Captain America, Blue Beetle and Captain Valiant. He would have whipped them all and went on to find some real opposition.

The unbeatable man. The only instance of a living superhero.

He was the greatest football player and the greatest athlete who ever lived. So noted the A.P. sportswriters in their turn of the half century poll in 1950. The second-placers were so far behind they were unrecognizable and completely forgettable.

He was the father of Modern Pro Football and the first president of the NFL.

He shot golf in the 70's, bowled in the 200's. He was a championship boxer, wrestler, swimmer, riflist, basketball,la-crosse and, oh yes, water polo player.

He dominated the Olympics as no man before or ever after.

He played outstanding major league ball for The New York Giants, Cincinnati Reds and Boston Braves.

This world has never seen the like. It may never.

James Francis Thorpe was born in Oklahoma, May 28, 1888. His father was Mr. Hiram Thorpe, a mountain of a man at 230 pounds. Hiram was the son of an Irish adventurer and an Indian girl. Jim's mother was Charlotte View, the Granddaughter of Chief Black Hawk, the greatest Sac and Fox war chief. She was three quarters Indian and one quarter French extraction.

Jim once remarked, "I'm an American Airedale of sorts." He was five eighths Indian, one quarter Irish and one eighth French.

Growing up on his fathers small ranch he could break horses and rope steers with alacrity. He shot his first deer when he was ten. The young Amerindian would chase down, on foot, wild horses and capture them with his lasso.

His Indian name was Wa-Tho-Huck...Bright Path. No one in the history of sports was to run a brighter path.

If you've seen the film, *Jim Thorpe, All American* starring Burt Lancaster in red-face as Jim and Phylis Thaxter as the soap opera wife...it's relationship to truth is tenuous at best.

Jim enrolled at little Carlisle Indian Institute, Pa. in 1904.

In that year, Jim was a skinny little kid of 15, not even five feet tall, weighing 115 pounds. Four years later the magic began in earnest.

One afternoon during track practice a slim Indian stood by waiting to police the field after the athletes left.

At that time using the clumsy techniques of the day, the high jumpers kept brushing off the bar at the five feet nine inches. An exceptional jumper might clear six feet.

"I can jump that high," shouted the onlooker in his dungarees. All the Indians jeered.

The coach, Pop Warner, turned just in

WARNER'S BOY

time to see the kibitzer approach the bar as a zephyr. Up and over. Four inches of daylight Jim found between himself and the bar.

Warner was in near cardiac arrest.

He approached the nineteen year old tyro.

"Son, if you can do that in overalls I want you to report to the trach team tomorrow."

Jim politely declined as he was playing intramural football for the Hotshots, a team representing the tailoring students.

When Thorpe joined the varsity, the backfield was dominated by a halfback named Payne...Magic struck again.

The indians were practicing punt returns. One man would catch the punt and return it without defense. One man against eleven. Thorpe was selected the Human hamburger.

He caught the ball near the goal and was off at his full hip-swinging speed. Tacklers touched him and fell, others grabbed handfuls of ozone. Thorpe, after 98 yeards wasnt touched in the enemy zone. He grinned. Pop Warner was incensed.

"Who the hell do you think you are, Thorpe? This is tackling practice."

Thorpe caught the ball again. As he rushed up the field, again devoid of blocker help, two indians caught him simultaneously, from both sides.Thorpe wriggled his hips and

CONT

"He couldn't fly, spin webs, or utilize a power ring. . ."

left them in a heap as he sped into the end zone.

"Damn it, this is tackling practice", roared Warner, facing Jim.

"Nobody tackles Jim", repeated the stubborn Thorpe.

Jim was 100% correct.

Very few people would ever tackle the big Indian. Warner was still unimpressed at the display.

Little Carlisle, due to Warner's masochism had a suicide schedule playing a top football team in the country every week and sixty years ago, that meant the East.

Carlisle was scheduled to play Harvard , Yale, Pitt, Syracuse, Princeton, Penn and, Army anong others.

It was as if, today, Slippery Rock, had scheduled UCLA, Ohio State, Notre Dame , Texas and Nebraska.

Hardly any players wore helmets. A thick shock of hair was considered protection enough. Today's padding above the thighs including the groin cup was unknown. It became so bloody that only through President Roosevelt's intercession was the outlawing of football prevented.

Jim rode the bench until Payne was carried out on a stretcher against Penn at Franklin Field in Philidelphia.

"Thorpe, replace Payne," Warner sung out to him. His collegiate debut found his own blockers accidentally tripping him as he attempted to rush with the ball.

"The hell with those guys," Jim mumbled. "I'm better off without them".

The next time the Sac and Fox brave cradled the ball in his arms, he let the interference go their way. He went his. Sixty-five yards for a touchdown.

"This is fun," grinned Jim returning to the huddle."Let's do it again if they kick." ...They did. Eighty-five yards and another touchdown.

Coach Warner, in complete confusion, took Thorpe out. He had to think about this 19 year old phenom. Carlisle won 26-6.

But the Indian ran wild in the remaining games and was named to Walter Camp's All America team. Camp, at that time was the final word.

Thorpe was also the leading hitter (.564) as a first baseman, starred on the basketball team, lacrosse and wrestling. With the warrior on a team it never lost.

In track and field little Carlisle challenged the best. Lafayette, the best, according to the affecianados, raised the money to transport the Carlisle group to their own home field as a gate attraction.

When five Indians got off the train, the Lafayette coach, Hal Bruce, was apoplectic.

"Look, Warner, the locals have put up good money. I've got forty-two of the best in Track and Field. This isn't going to be a contest".

For Carlisle, Arquette and Tenawina ran one-two in the 880, the mile and two mile. Johnson won the quarter. Shenandoah won the high hurdles and was second in the lows.

James Francis Thorpe won the 100 yard dash, high jump, pole vault, shot put, broad jump and low hurdles.

True, it was no contest. Carlisle 71, Lafayette 31. And so it went.

In the summer of 1909, Jim was trying to find work on a farm as were most of his classmates. Two friends were going to North Carolina to play summer baseball. They invited Jim and he joined them.

Thorpe became the third baseman for the Rocky Mountain Team. Jim was getting money , for eating, $15 a week.

Many college football players of that time would jump a school that wasn't paying well. The average under-the-counter salary to the beef-on-wheels was $35 a week at the major universities. Carlisle often faced a stalwart group from say Princeton, and the following Saturday saw many familiar faces who had 'transferred' to Penn during the week.

Thorpe was punding the ball unmercifully and running up a .538 BA to lead the team.

One day, the manager, desperately short of pitchers, approached Jim. "Can you pitch" he asked?

"Never have but I'll give it a try," replied the easy-going warrior.

He won 23 out of 25 games for Rocky Mt.

So Jim stayed out of school in 1909 and 1910 playing baseball. He loved it.

In 1911, Coach Warner wrote Jim saying he could make the 1912 Olympic squad if he'd return to Carlisle to train. He returned.

In the first football game that season of sixty years ago, against Dickenson, the big Indian played seventeen minutes and scored seventeen points.

He was again yanked quickly playing St. Mary's after scoring three touchdowns in the initial for minutes.

The final part of The Living Super hero will be presented next issue. Be here.

NEXT ISSUE:

CFM 5 READY: 12·24

* *The TEN MOST POWERFUL MEN IN COMICS! The first annual survey of the 10 people who have the greatest influence in comics. Do not be surprised if you see more production men then creators. Participants include: Richard Kyle (CSW), Paul Levitz (of ETC/TCR), The Thompsons (NF), Gary Brown (COMIC COMMENTS), Mark Evanier, Maurice Horn, Tony Isabella and others.*

* *Paul Levitz with Part two of his series on comic economics. This article includes the DC recycling program and other items.*

* *MAVERICK, a critique by Gary Brown.*

* *Art Miller on Pyroman. Joe Thomasino on Phillip Farmer. Plus all our other regular columnists. PLUS things we don't know yet.*

* *AND A PHOTO/TEXT report on CREATION, the 1971 Art Con in N.Y. by Bob Pinaha.*

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FROM ALAN L. LIGHT, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE BUYER'S GUIDE FOR COMIC FANDOM-- A PAID ADVERTISEMENT TO ALL READERS OF COMIC FANDOM M NTHLY!

In CFM #3, Adam Malin and Gary Berman, in their new UNFANZINES column, made a very rash and unfair judgement of THE BUYER'S GUIDE.They said: "In our opinion THE ROCKET'S BLAST COMICOLLECTOR remains the best place to advertise. We have definitely changed our minds from a few months ago when we believed Alan Light's BUYER'S GUIDE served fandom best. We get the best response from the RBCC and, most important, it is firmly established as a center of the old and new collectors alike. While the BUYER'S GUIDE has almost twice as many readers, it seems to us the readers aren't ordering anything."

First of all, THE BUYER'S GUIDE cannot just appear and become established--but we are now in our 10th issue, and rapidly becoming established as virtually all fans in fandom are hearing of us and subscribing (we're free, you know!). Going into our second year of publishing, I'd say we're very established, not having to rely on subscription monies.

As to the "fact" that readers of TBG aren't ordering anything, that simply isn't so! Here are a few of the testimonials we've gotten... judge for yourself!

RAY POLSON -comics and comic strip dealer- (before his ad): "Enclosed is an ad for TBG. The RBCC ads I place net me nearly $1200, and if your ad does as well you can expect me as a steady customer!" (after his ad): "Please consider me a regular advertiser from now on. The response to my ad in #8 was excellent!"

BILL WILSON -publisher of THE COLLECTOR-"I'm getting quite a bit of response from my ad in TBG. Almost every letter I open says something like 'Saw your ad in TBG'. I think your zine is a huge success!"

DON AND MAGGIE THOMPSON -in Newfangles-: "We have had excellent reports on the success of ads in THE BUYER'S GUIDE. If there is a better adzine, we have never seen it."

AL COLLINS -after selling some comics-: "I'm happy to report a near-complete sellout from my 1/4 page ad in THE BUYER'S GUIDE (the only things that weren't sold were four recent Marvels). I estimate my $4.50 ad netted me over $70.00 profit!"

PAUL LEVITZ: "I'm still getting responses from my ad in TBG #2! You have my 100% advertising budget, past, present, and future!"

DAN ADKINS - selling original art, the least expensive of which was $10.00 -: Please mention somewhere in TBG that I received so many orders for art (around 100) that I'm running behind in filling orders!

MARTIN GREIM -of COMIC CRUSADER-: "You're doing a great job! I'm always talking up TBG to any fan who'l listen--I also voted for you in the Goethe awards. (NOTE: Martin has placed 2 ads in TBG and knows what he's talking about!)

JOE PARENTE -sold comics-: "The response to my ad was most gratifying. You can expect me as a steady customer; enclosed is another ad for your next issue"

MIKE BARRIER -editor of FUNNYWORLD-: "I have an ad of FUNNYWORLD 14 for you. I've decided to restrict my advertising to TBG and GRAPHIC STORY WORLD since they are reaching most of the people I want to reach."

DOUG FOLEY -editor/publisher of PHASE-: The difference between you and RBCC is like night and day! We'll be advertising our publications in TBG rather requently in the coming months."

ED ROMERO: "I just wanted to tell you how pleased I am with the response to my ad in THE BUYER'S GUIDE. I've received almost $100 in subscriptions so far, and more are coming in every day. I can say without a doubt that TBG is the best advertising buy in fandom!"

There you have it; judge for yourself. Quotes directly from the letters of the advertisers themselves--the ones who place ads that, according to Adam and Gary, readers of TBG don't order from. Does it sound that way to you? As much as I respect Adam and Gary, the most universal opinion by far is that TBG gives the advertiser the results he seeks more so than anywhere else! Untrue and hastily written words on TBG could seriously and unjustly harm it; thus, harming fandom.

Judge for yourself, from the people who know!

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LETTERS

You have attained that professional look with COMIC FANDOM MONTHLY. So much so, that I hope you won't continue to leave it to the mercy of the U.S. mails without a protective envelope. I was surprised that my first issue was able to travel from New York to California and arrive in fairly good shape, but I doubt if that'll happen too often. Being a postal clerk, I'll vouch for the fact that a lot of magazines do not withstand transit that well--many of them arrive in terrible shape. In support of CFM I'm enclosing $6.00 for a year's worth. Please start with No. 3. Thank you.

--R.R. Misenhimer

Never argue with the Post Office.Starting this issue, CFM is mailed in envelopes. In the first few weeks, we felt it was more important to sell for 50¢ sans envelope, than 60¢ with them. But with the smaller size we are doing both.

--Joe Brancatelli

Yes, it is nice to read a fanzine, but I feel an even greater factor is what you are reading.

Since CFM is a comic zine, and since you have ten columnists, repetition is practically unavoidable. There is a lot of it. Also with ten columnists, some are good, and some are bad. From the one issue I have, I'm not sure of my opinion on the columns yet, but I so see that some are underdeveloped. For instance, your fanzine reviews reviewed only five fanzines. Now, anyone who gets CFM and has never heard of the BUYER'S GUIDE must be out of the ordinary to say the least. The review (?) of the s.f. zine YANDRO was not good at all. I'd go as far as to say it was pretty bad. Reviews of FLASHBACK 1 and ANOMALY #3 were a bit late. The next issue of both zines are now out. This column must be revised.

Practically all of the views in SOUNDING BOARD were expressed before, elsewhere. I suggest a similar column that starts opinions on how the comics of today can be bettered, instead of trying to predict this. Issue two was not without its goodpoints. FOUR COLOR CARNIVAL by Steve Jenkins was very well done. The rest of the contents was while not overly enjoyable,still interesting and readable.

Enclosed is 50¢ for #3 (once a skeptic, always a skeptic).

-- Jeff Strell

When any magazine presents 40 pages of text, it cannot be ALL things to all people. I cannot expect you to enjoy EVERYTHING.Apparently, you enjoyed us enough to continue with us.

Our fanzine reviewer, now working on a new column, chose to review only 5 zines for a good reason. We are not GEORGE. We can devote only so much space. As for your comment that most everyone knows of BUYERS GUIDE its inaccurate. For the record, at least 25% of CFM's readership does not receive the BUYERS GUIDE. We do much advertising to get fans of comics unexposed to fandom in general. There are thousands of college comic fans who n'er heard of BUYERS GUIDE. We've got many of the unexposed. Honest.

--Joe Brancatelli

Got your fanzine. I think it was great, and I mostly like FANZINE WATCH by Mr Wally Stoelting. He writes like a pro, and I enjoyed reading about RBCC, and BUYERS GUIDE fandom's best ad-zines.

I would like to comment about what you said about STAN'S WEEKLY EXPRESS.You should not have put in Stan's last name. Did you know there was a contest on who guesses what his last name was??? Where did you get his last name?

---John Ivarone

Actually, Wally Stoelting, and not I put in Stan's last name. Honestly, I have known it for a long while, and didn't know it was so secretive. Convey our apology to Stan, but it should be noted that Stan knew about the article before it was printed.

--Joe Brancatelli

Thank you for sending me a copy of CFM no. 2. There has been a marked improvement over issue no. 1. The layout is clearer, and the impression cleaner. Once you get rid of the typos that still afflict your copy, I think you'll have one of the most enjoyable fanzine around.

The reporterial contents have also become more informative and enlightening. I have especially enjoyed Stan Clish's piece. Although one may dispute a few of his specific points, I whole-heartedly agree with the general thrust of his article. He rightly refuses to be cowed by the sickening and moronic adulation which surrounds Stan Lee (to compare him with Homer! It is fatuous pronouncements such as this which give fandom a bad name). The trouble with Stan (Lee), as Stan (Clish) astutely notes, is that he has more talent for self-promotion than for self expression. Lee is essentially a one-note

man,--and he has been playing the same tune for much too long a time.

The fanzine watch and the report from Canada are also commendable. I could do however with less reviewing of comic book pap in favor of some reporting on the underground comics (there was none in your first two issues, which is regrettable.) The underground field is where it is all happening-now.

All criticism aside, CFM has the potential for becoming the magazine of fact and opinion that fandom needs. You've got some good people to work for you, you seem to have an objective and an open editorial policy, and so far you've come out on time. You have the additional advantage of publishing out of New York, which is still the hub of the industry (albeit a very sick one, and getting sicker).

So, congratulations and keep up the good work.

--Maurice Horn

Mr. Horn is a noted author and comic art fan. He's written A HISTORY OF THE COMIC STRIP, 75 YEARS OF THE COMICS among other. He is former editor of Nostolgia Books, writing the introductions for FLASH GORDON and many others. He recently was consultant on the 75 Years of the Comic exhibit at the New York Cultural Center. He is presently in partnership with Will Eisner, and will soon release the SPIRIT MAGAZINE on a regular basis. He's also not much of a Stan Lee fan.

Krenkel's art is great! I like Tony Isabella's work. View from Canada is good,The Heap article was good! The rest of the issue bored me stiff! Sorry, Joe! I mean (for instance) who cares about reviews of comics that just came out? Still a lot of work went into the issue, so I'll give you an A for effort. The thing I disliked most was continuing of articles onto other pages. Bad planning. Continuing should only be used when you have no other choice. You could have ended the Wertham thing on an even four pages--but you continued it. Oh well. Hope you don't get upset about my comments. I'm far from the last word on reviewing fanzines though. For 50¢ you're giving out a good buy but I'm just not turned on.

--Marty Griem

Martin Griem is Editor of the excellent--COMIC CRUSADER. See ad elsewhere.

...Perhaps I should not bite even the inept hand which feeds me, but I couldn't help be rather surprised at Clish's reaction to the forced inclusion at the last minute of six crummy pages of reprint amongst a total of 34 pages of material in CONAN #10. 'Twas yers truly who wrote the apologia which explained (truthfully) that the cover was sent to the printer before I ran into some minor problems which made me leave off writing the Gil Kane pencilled tale which later appeared is issue 12. I tried to explain the situation, and also to explain that the next issue would indeed be all new (which it was), and all Clish could do was feel aggrieved about buying a book in which over 4/5 of the material was new. The whole situation would be ludicrous--and indicative more of Clishs sloppy mental habits than anything else-- if it didn't illustrate the *get the pros* attitude which Marie Severin, the Thompsons, and I have groused over of late.

I won't go into the reprint thing at length. While inflation is certainly a major factor in many moves by both Marvel and DC (though it's something which I'm not always allowed to mention as freely as I'd like), there's also the fact (ignored by fandom-prone Clish) that there is obviously a great demand for reprints--or else why does virtually every one of them make a profit--something which many National books do not? All that enough people have to do to stop us from printing these reprint titles is to feel they've had enough of them and quit buying them; so far they haven't. But why argue about it people? Buy the books you *want*, give the companies a chance to make some extra profit on books *you* don't want but someone else may, and shut up about it awready. Jeez.

In closing, I'll simply state that I'm with Clish when he applauds certain aspects of the recent GL/GA drug-abuse issues. He's a bit laughable, though, when he claims (or at least assumes) omniscience and seems to feel one "cannot expect a hero-worship alone to sell an idea," and that relevancy is where it's at. A company wanting to stay in business can afford *one* G1/GA to garner its well deserved awards.

And *only* one. The book ain't selling people.

--Roy Thomas

Mr. Thomas is Associate Editor at Marvel Comics, and publisher/editor of ALTER EGO.

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IMPULSE magazine, a fine quality publication, features some of the finest artwork being done by today's top artists. Printed by one of the finest printers in Montréal, IMPULSE is glad to boast a strict non-profit label. The reader pays solely for the cost of the printing of his copy. To the lower right you will note some familiar artists, all being exceptionally talented. You may not recognize some of them, but their work was up to the standards I set, as art is judged on its own merits, not the name signed below. IMPULSE is due out before January, 1972.

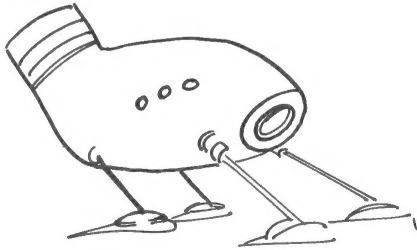
Contributions of art and text are now being taken. Possible contributors inquire about fantastic ideas now being considered for the second issue. All Art which is contributed free of charge is guaranteed carefull return upon request. All pre-publication orders will receive a special poster for their support. All art is guaranteed fine quality reproduction. Cheque or money order prefered, as I am not responsible for money lost in the mail.

Sketches courtesy Pierre Fournier

IMPULSE MAGAZINE

ARTISTS IN ISSUE #1

Kenneth Smith
Pierre Fournier
John Fantucchio
Bill Pearson
Dave Ludwig
Dan Adkins
Joe Sinnott
Doug Wildey
Frank Brunner
Bill Stillwell
Howard Chaykin
Roy Krenkel
JTCC Cornell
Jim Pinkoski
Jon Farwell
Rick Rydell
Chris Notarile
Randy Yeates
Alan Hanley
Ken Steacy
And more----



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